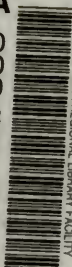


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Selected Addresses
by
Maurice H. Harris.







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V.1

Temple Israel Pulpit.

SELECTED ADDRESSES

BY

MAURICE H. HARRIS, PH.D

MINISTER OF TEMPLE ISRAEL OF HARLEM

NEW YORK

NEW YORK:

PHILIP COWEN, 213-215 EAST 44TH STREET

1894.

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V.1 .

TO THE MEMORY OF HIM FROM WHOM MY FIRST RELIGIOUS
LESSONS CAME, AND WHOSE SIMPLE PIETY WAS THE
PROMPTING IMPULSE THAT LED ME TO FOLLOW
HIS CALLING,
AND WHO IS STILL MY INSPIRATION,

To my Father

THIS VOLUME IS REVERENTLY
DEDICATED.



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PREFACE.

AT the solicitation of a few friends and with the kind encouragement of the Trustees of Temple Israel I have been induced to issue some of my sermons in pamphlet form, for a period of twenty weeks. This volume comprises the series for the year 1894. Although in the nature of an experiment the many pleasant messages that have reached me about the sermons from those whom they have helped and comforted, encourages me to consider the advisability of continuing their publication next year.

THANK GOD FOR THE EVIL AS WELL AS
FOR THE GOOD.

"Thank God for the Evil as well as for the Good."

There is a cloud hanging over the nation, just as it is being summoned to break forth into thanksgiving, that to some seems to question the appropriateness of thanksgiving at all. Do the people at large feel in such a condition of security and content, that they can, with full hearts and honest intent, burst into gratitude for all their blessings? Has not many a lip quivered and many a heart faltered in trying to frame a prayer of thankfulness this week—as though it could not be quite genuine.

The "hard times" have affected nearly all of us? though not in an equal degree. It has touched some lightly, it has crushed others. Those who live on wages and have lost their employment have already eaten up their savings, if they were thrifty enough to have savings. Others have had to dispose of the little costly treasures that nearly every family possesses as heirlooms from a past generation, in order to keep fire in the stove and the wolf from the door. While the benevolent institutions have had their hands full to supply the pressing needs of many who have never before had to submit to the humiliation of receiving charity. But people have to swallow pride when they have nothing else to swallow, and crying children drive us to many desperate things.

Yes, times are hard ; but who has made them so? Not God. The land has not been visited by famine—the crops were fairly prosperous this year. While the wheat crop has fallen off from the unusually high standard of

last year, the yield of oats and corn has been larger, and that of potatoes and sugar also. God has fulfilled His part. We have not the satisfaction of being able to cry : "The hand of God !" the usual phrase for those visitations that are beyond our control. No ; it is the hand of man. There is a very significant quotation in the Book of Proverbs : "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not go unpunished." Everybody wanted to become rich at a bound, and enormously rich at that. They were too greedy and too grasping. The manufacturer, whose avarice grew by what it fed on, continued to turn out goods far in excess of the demand, until they became a glut upon the market, and could not be sold. Thus the money did not come back to pay the indebtedness incurred—the manufacturers could not meet their loans. But so interwoven is the whole commercial world that what is felt by one is felt by all. The delay of the manufacturers to pay their indebtedness also made it difficult for them to borrow more. Creditors grew distrustful, money began to be hoarded and became scarce. With little demand for goods already manufactured and no means to manufacture more, the mills and factories had to shut down. That was the stage when the disaster reached the poor man. Thousands found themselves out of employment, with doubtful outlook indeed. Everybody began to economize, but that meant still less production, so yet more were thrown out of employment. But these are the platitudes of this year's panic that everybody knows, and that most of you know more exactly than I.

Such is the condition and such its causes. There were minor causes, too. But the prime factor was the avaricious haste of everybody to become rich, a mad scramble for gold. There is a law of acquisition. It must be steady, slow, and the outgrowth of industry to be legiti-

mate. Nature makes no bounds. We sow the ground, but have to wait a season till we can reap the grain. There are people who think they can go down to Wall Street, and, by a clever speculation, become rich in an hour. It has been done, it is true. But one can also become poor in an hour. That is considered a good deal easier and a good deal more usual. But it is not the right way nor the just way, nor, in the long run, the best way to earn one's living. It unfits for legitimate labor. So, realizing that we have none to blame but ourselves we appear in God's presence at this time of thanksgiving with shameful faces. He has provided, but we have abused. Not all are the offenders, but all are the sufferers. Because some believed in gambling more than in labor, a blight has fallen upon the land. And behold the collapse, proverbial consequence of all inflation !

"Should we receive good at the hand of God and not receive evil?" said Job, and his words were re-echoed in a rabbinical command: "It is as directly our duty to thank God for the good as for the evil."

הייב אדם לברך על הרעה כשם שהוא מברך על הטובה *

The lesson has been very severely bought ; but if we value things by their cost, the calamity paid for so dearly may do more ultimate good to the country than it has done temporary harm. Sometimes misfortune is the best thing that can happen to us just as success is at times our greatest danger. This is as true of communities as of individuals. Unfortunately, we will persist in unlearning life's lessons, in discarding the precious experience of the past, and that common sense that is the best philosophy.

But those who will take to heart and to practice the

* Mishna —Berachroth, chap. ix., par. 5.

lessons of these hard times may well be thankful for them, whatever they have cost. And if there be a ring of sadness in our thanksgiving, the better for it.

Among other things, this financial crisis has revealed to us, I think, the importance of making Political Economy a necessary part of every education. No lad should go forth to the world unless he knows the true meaning of wealth—wealth for the country as distinguished from wealth for the individual. He should know how it is produced, and, what is even more important than production, how it is distributed; what methods can best facilitate distribution, so that grain will not be rotting at one end of the earth, while people are famishing for the want of it at the other. At the colleges, this study should be given more importance than the classics, though I do not believe in that vandal spirit that would banish this best means of culture from a liberal education. But it certainly should not be an “elective.”

I think the hard times have taught Americans another lesson that they needed more than any other nation in the world—the lesson of thrift. There is something sinful in our extravagance. It has become an illustration for proverb. Many could live on what we throw away. The economy of the European household is spoken of contemptuously. Because the people scatter money so freely, do they find it necessary to make such colossal fortunes? Thrift, care and conscientiousness go hand in hand.

If there were more sense of economy, there would be less need of charity. Charity is not always the best thing we can do; sometimes it is one of the worst. The poor grow poorer as the rich richer, partly because the very rich give easily and freely, and do not bother to ask questions, and therefore encourage shiftlessness and foster pauperism. The extravagance of indiscriminate

charity is not the least blamable of our extravagances. Mr. Leslie Stephen says: "*That* charity is twice cursed. It curses him that gives and him that receives. To the rich man it is a mere drug to still his conscience, and offers a spurious receipt in full for the neglect of social duties. To the poor man it is an encouragement to live without self-respect and without providence." I say, then, better than giving the poor man charity, give him a chance. Let us not handicap poverty so much, nor give to wealth that dangerous facility of endless multiplication.

So, if this temporary set-back has checked us in a headlong course of avarice, indulgence, carelessness and extravagance, let us not thank God the less, but the more. But, for that matter, it is not the most successful man who feels most thankful. Our gratitude to God does not depend upon the special prosperity of the hour, nor does it vary with the individual and accidental benefits of the hour. Our thankfulness toward Him has nothing to do with our present bank account. If we feel grateful at all, we will feel grateful always. His bounties to us never fail; a little more money or a little less, here is still infinite blessing. Gratitude is ultimately a question of character. Therefore, I always think it in a measure degrading to our religious sense of obligation to our Maker, first to sum up our material interests, to take in the results of a last election, and then to thank God for personal, private and partisan advantages.

Is gratitude helpful? Does it matter much whether we feel grateful towards God or not? It may not matter much to Him, but it matters much to us. If we do not feel grateful, we cannot feel content. Gratitude is the bloom of contentment. Our whole financial trouble has arisen partly from discontent, or rather from greed to obtain more than the ample needs and simple com-

forts of life call for. If we are satisfied with our portion, we are likely to think of our duties to others. So gratitude is the parent of philanthropy, of all good, unselfish and improving-helpful work. Gratitude does not rest in itself—in which respect it is distinct from content—it seeks an outflow for its feeling. “I feel so grateful I must do something.” Teach the people to be grateful, and you do more to discourage nihilism than all intimidating laws.

Gratitude has, I say, little to do with earthly possessions. Nothing is less conducive to content and gratitude than wealth without duties. A young man this week committed suicide simply because he had nothing particular to live for. His greatest want was that he had no want. You need pray no prayer more fervently than, “I thank God for my needs,” since they give the zest to life and make it worth living. Because there is no choice as to work, since you must labor or you will starve, there is an interest in your work and a joy in it than if it were entirely voluntary you would hardly feel.

Let us be grateful to God for the obstacles of life, for its hardships, for its pains. That which we get without struggling for we do not value; the conflict deepens the triumph, makes it a triumph at all; and the harder the effort, the grander the joy. An occasional alternation of suffering makes us understand the sweetness of health. Life's joys are rooted in life's sorrows, and the “partial evil becomes the universal good.”

It is the martyrs that make religion sublime. If it did not command self-sacrifice, we would not trust it. When we suffer for truth it is glorified, and because men have died for liberty do we realize how precious it is. Yes! let us thank God for the evil as well as for the good, for evil reveals the good and makes it possible. Whom God loves He chastens; chastening purifies as well as pains.

And although we should not seek troubles, we also need not fear them.

Look back upon your life, and recall how much good you owe to certain disappointments; first, to the very necessity that drove you to this country, you who were pilgrims here—of hardships in your early home that toughened you and brought out your capacities, of the valuable discipline of poverty, of hard work, of rivalry, of reverses, of anxieties. Take yourself as you are, and thank God you are what you are.

Let us thank God for the evil, then, because it is not unmixed. Judaism believes in no Ahriman spirit of darkness with whom Ormuzd spirit of light must contend. God has no rivals in His universe, no demons or devils; He is Sole Master. Evil is not positive; it is simply negative—our failure to reach perfection. A sin is a weakness, the good in us not strongly enough developed. The dispiriting materialists, on the other hand, doubt the actuality of good. Schopenhauer tried to explain away our conscience, calling it one-fifth vanity, one-fifth superstition, one-fifth prejudice, one-fifth fear, and one-fifth custom. I have no patience with those philosophers of the mud who would reduce all our virtues to physical sensibility, and decompose human merit in the crucible of necessity. If we would help humanity, it is evil we must explain away. Let us realize that the essence of every child of God is good. We have but to remove weeds, cut away excrescences, prune wild growths, and the divine image will emerge. Every man is intrusted with himself, so to speak, in a more or less raw or rude state. He must manufacture himself, removing dregs and dross and all superfluous matter, must pass himself through the furnace of affliction, through the wringing pressures of discipline. These are not evils; these are helpful processes.

Let us thank God for the evil ; it is life's education if we use it wisely. Yes ! the woes of life give it pathos, give it depth, give it solemnity. In a too long period, uninterrupted by care, life becomes flat. When trouble departs, *ennui* enters. There are no people so empty, so unfeeling, so superficial, so ignorant of the inner facts of life as those who have known no great sorrow. This may be one of the elements of greatness of the Jewish race. Because "suffrance has been the badge of all their tribe," the tragedy of fifteen centuries has given them dignity.

Let us dare to deny the eternity of evil, the actuality of evil. Let us make every day of life a day of thanksgiving to God, whate'er betides, whate'er be its experience. Let us thank Him for life, its opportunities and its glories ; for beauty, for love, for laughter ; for nature and for art ; for labor and for recreation ; for sunshine, for repose, and for the company of each other. These boons belong to all. They break through the cramping boundaries of caste ; they are independent of wealth or station or nationality ; they are that common property of which the socialist dreams ; part of that human inheritance born with every creature, which neither law nor force nor villany can take away.

So I begin to understand what the Rabbins meant when they said : "The time will come when the only prayer offered by man to God will be the prayer of thanksgiving." As we come to understand life better, and see the meaning of its shadows as well as of its lights, we every day find out that some force or some sensation or some experience that we in our ignorance had labelled evil or useless, serves a noble end. The growth of wisdom shows the lessening of presumed evil forces. Soon we will know that everything in this world of God, be it dark or light, be it awful or delightful, be it

PATRIOTISM.

Patriotism.

A CHANUKA SERMON.

When the Maccabees appeared in the field to fight for God and country, carrying aloft the banner emblazoned with the watchword of their religion: "Who is like unto Thee, among the mighty, O Eternal!" we can well imagine the inspiration of that battle-cry, and how it brought thousands to their standard, who had till then hung back in alarm. How easy it is to follow in the line of triumph, and to be set aflame by the enthusiasm of victory! When we see the hero crowned, greatness seems such an easy thing.

There is a glamor about patriotism that makes us think only of its glory. To the popular mind it calls up a picture of flying flags, beating drums, gay uniforms and general enthusiasm. That is patriotism seen from its sensational and festive side. We forget that the highest achievement is to make the difficult seem easy. We must not delude ourselves, nor let our feelings carry us away into a forgetfulness of our normal powers and our normal limitations. Nothing great is easy, nothing easy is great.

Yes! there are the legions of Antiochus fleeing before Israel's zealous champions. Behold these daring Hebrews victorious in three successive battles, throwing themselves fearlessly upon their enemies, borne forward by a faith in God and Right that nothing could withstand. But did we look back a little to an earlier stage of the contest, we would have seen this same Judas Maccabeus a fugitive in the mountains, with just a few trusty men around him, the capital Jerusalem in the enemy's hands, the Temple despoiled, the people panic-stricken, flying in all directions. Then we would have understood that faith and bravery are not easy acquisitions.

Washington at Valley Forge presents a very different picture from Washington at Yorktown. Let us look back yet a little further, and we will see the Syrian officers, guarded by troops, come unexpectedly upon each little town and proceed to prohibit Judaism by law as a capital offense. Then we will realize that in that unprepared way, with no army organized and no assurance of support, refusal to obey, which was called treason, was no such easy matter. To too many it seemed impossible. There is but one Mattathias who dares to come forward and throw down the idolatrous altar. That is the moment to appreciate what patriotism means.

But even this is not the only side of patriotism nor its highest form. It is usual to associate it with fighting, war and oppression, as though only at such time is there opportunity for its exercise. It is in time of peace and in the ordinary routine of civil duties that we have the best opportunity of showing our patriotism. War is an incident in a nation's history, a rarer incident as civilization advances, but patriotism should be a persistent virtue. Modern nations are not militarisms but industrialisms. Every man is not a soldier, but every man is a worker. We can serve our country by our hands better than by our arms, and he who invents a steam plough does more good to his nation and to mankind than he who invents a smokeless powder. The safety of a nation never lays in its armies nor in its ships of war. Some of the world's best patriots have never wielded a sword. Judas Maccabeus was more than a soldier, while Mattathias was not a soldier at all. Hannah's seven sons and the aged Eleazor did none of the fighting part of the Chanuka history, but in their steadfastness to duty, as they understood it, they were among the noblest defenders of their nation and their people; for religion and patriotism were one then. Those martyr mothers, with their martyred babes around their necks, did more than we can tell, to inspire their brethren to armed resistance. Patriotism is not a virtue confined to men of

muscle or even to men at all, and those who do no military service, who make neither speeches nor laws in the legislatures, and who cast no ballot, may yet be patriotic in an intense degree, and can serve their country as faithfully and as valuably. If a woman would be patriotic, she need not join a woman's-rights' association nor clamor for the suffrage; in the home can she best show her patriotism. And even there, she need not, Spartan-like, say "Return either with your shield or on your shield." This is the patriotism of barbarism.

Let us remember that the Maccabean battle was an incident of the great history commemorated in this festival, as the War of the Rebellion was but an incident in the emancipation of the slaves. The best fighting and the hardest in the latter case was done before a shot was fired on Fort Sumter. It was a fight of principle—the right of human freedom as against the "thousand villainies of slavery." That struggle lasted thirty years and more before the education was complete. In every skirmish in this conflict of ideas, the cause of justice and humanity continued to gain ground. And when the emancipation proclamation was issued, the moral battle at least was over.

Before some cowards feared to be patriots when Antiochus' legions appeared at Jerusalem, some traitors had already become ashamed to be patriots in Alexandria. That was the first chapter of the history commemorated in this festival. There was no fighting to do and no oppression to withstand. The question then was, whether, in the face of a fashionable and corrupt society, they would remember the traditions of their Judean home and their Mosaic code; and whether, in the presence of the living temptations of gladiatorial cruelties, Bacchanalian revelries and Venus obscenities, they would dare to be true to that simplicity and chastity which was their inheritance from the great prophets, that at once distinguished them from among all the nations of the world.

That was when the bloodless struggle began—when Greek

met Jew—when the latter wavered for a moment between Gentile culture and Mosaic morals, doubting whether he should be ashamed or proud of the homely virtues and homely ways of the land of his fathers. Here was the opportunity of showing the truest patriotism, when there was no occasion for heroics, no applauding audience to watch and cheer, but just the eye of God to see the duty of loyalty to people and country fulfilled or neglected, with but the voice of conscience to whisper approval at each act of integrity and steadfastness to national and religious institutions.

The growth of this patriotic spirit in Judea (not among the wealthy Sadducees and priests, but among the Pharisee masses—that misunderstood Jewish democracy) was the best and the only military preparation to meet the armed mercenaries of Epiphanes.

That patriotism implies enmity of other nations is another popular error. Boys are fed on literature that forever pictures patriotism the knocking down and the discomfiture of enemies. Israel could be faithful to Judæa without mistrusting all the world; they could learn something from Alexandria; they could surely discriminate between philosophy and mythology; they should have had sufficient self control to accept the broadening culture while drawing the line at loose morals. It was fanatical of some Judeans to condemn everything Greek as such; as narrow as it is for some Americans to condemn everything European as such. It is a libel on patriotism to confuse it with the hatred of a foreigner. When nations were continually at war we can understand how that spirit would be fostered. Nor is it a fine exhibition of patriotism to pass such tariff laws as may ruin the industries of some other nation and reduce its working people to starvation and misery. Patriotism is love of country—love of country is not exclusive, but intensive. It does not imply the hatred of other countries—that is not even the negative side of patriotism. The love of one's own children does not exclude affec-

tion for other children. The human heart has room for many special affections and no one need exclude another. We should rejoice when the kinship between nations is strengthened. It should be gratifying to us that a country once our foe, delights to do honor to a great American, in placing memorial windows in Westminster Abbey to James Russell Lowell, and we should echo the hope expressed by Ambassador Bayard, that in our international relations "suspicion might be replaced by confidence and ignorant animosity by friendly appreciation." I am glad that the great Liberty Bell cast for the Exposition is to be taken to Runnymede on Magna Charta Day, June 15th, which will be a celebration by all English-speaking people of the greatest liberty event in the history of the race. The nations, like the religions, are coming together at last.

I need hardly inform the thoughtful that patriotism does not consist in the boast of national superiority. "Not because you are the greatest nation, have you been chosen." Moses reminds Israel. Our mission must not fill us with self-importance, though it may awaken just pride. And if it tends to encourage us to look with contempt on other nations or peoples, then it is a tendency that we cannot too severely repress. Israel has been chosen for a duty and not for a privilege. to be the servants of God was not to be loaded with honor, it meant to suffer for His sake. We have carefully eliminated from our modern prayer-books all phrases that even suggest the statement of our superiority, while we recoil with horror to-day from applying the term שָׂקָן to any one in a civilized community.

The Maccabean motto, "מִי כִמְכָה בְּאֵלִים," was not a boast, but a religious conviction. They felt that whatever greatness was theirs grew out of their belief in that God. They did not wage an offensive but a defensive war—they asked nothing but freedom of conscience. When they took refuge in subterranean caves in order to read their Scriptures, when they suffered slaughter

rather than desecrate their Sabbath, until they saw that the enemy was going to make that the opportunity of their extermination—we need not say that such was no idle vaunting, it was the heroic expression of deepest faith wrung from the agony of their souls. They felt that the moral destiny of mankind was with them, and that on their steadfastness hung humanity's future. This was no boast. It was that innermost conviction which every one in his loftiest moments feels, but which the Jewish race felt most, that divinity and righteousness must be right and that whatever is antagonistic thereto must be wrong.

Those Americans are not most patriotic who boast most about America. Boasting is either childish or vulgar. The American abroad who talks big of everything American and disparagingly of everything un-American, by no means elevates the good name of his countrymen. Indeed he is a libel on those Americans of gentility, good taste and reserve, who blush for such parvenu bragging and who deplore such unfortunate representation. Experience has taught, that those who boast most of their country, are those of whom their country has least reason to boast. I think it was Samuel Johnson who said: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." It is a pity that the American press, excepting always a few select newspapers, should foster this regretful failing, and should be doing its best to make it an American characteristic.

Said Byron, "When I see the superiority of my country, I am pleased, when I discover its inferiority, I am enlightened." That, criticism is more valuable than praise, is a lesson that both Jews and Americans need very badly. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." He who points out the failings of his countrymen, may show truer patriotism than if he indulged in that spread-eagle eulogy

that is sure to redound to his own popularity. Jeremiah showed his patriotism by telling Judah that it deserved to be defeated. Chatham showed his patriotism to England by denouncing her policy against the American colonies. I do not put much faith in that after dinner patriotism, made up for the most part of stars and stripes and self-sufficiency. He who tells his countrymen unpleasant truths loves them most after all, or why need he say what puts him in an unfavorable light and upsets a fond idolatry? Love is not blind. Parents censure oftener than they praise. "My country, right or wrong," is not patriotism but prejudice.

We need salutary warnings from our statesmen from time to time to keep our integrity bright and to remind us what we stand for. For the United States does stand for something—it was not the outcome of growth or accident, or at least less so than other nationalities. It was a nation deliberately founded on a principle. In our growing prosperity we are in danger of forgetting our ideals. As a contrast to that boastfulness just mentioned, is the snobbish imitation of those very institutions that it is in the spirit of true Americanism to regard as superfluous. (This proves by the way that boastfulness indicates a sense of weakness; those who are sure of themselves never boast.) I say it is a strange inconsistency, to have rejected titles as survivals of lower civilization and then to run after them when held by Europeans, and even to be anxious to marry one's daughter to a title, though the individual attached to it be a rake and a roué. This is a lamentable forgetfulness of American traditions—of that simplicity of the Puritan fathers and that conviction that "a man's a man for a' that," that we have tried to make our own. Americans would smile if they learnt that they were but imitating the worldly Jews of Alexandria, who were as

anxious to be hellenized as they are to be anglicized, and who tried to import Greek sports into Judea, because 'they were Greek, you know,' just as they themselves must introduce the latest from Paris and London for reasons identical.

I do not think I quite liked the adulation given to Princess Eulalie. The Court ceremony hardly coincided with "Jeffersonian simplicity." It is an American principle, not stated, but felt, that honor is individual, and not inherited; that greatness does not necessarily descend to the third and fourth generation, but that we should credit a man for that which he is, and not for that which his father was. The merit of Columbus, whatever it may be—and historians are not quite decided—is his, and not that of his great-great-grand-children. While to load with flattering attention a member of the royal house of the land which encouraged his expedition for mercenary and sordid reasons, is such a roundabout way, to say the least, to honor Columbus, that we can only consider it as an opportunity seized upon to indulge in royal pomp and pageantry, for which some Americans, in their heart of hearts, hanker more fondly than Israel for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

Those who can read the signs of the times have probably noticed many significant occurrences of late that must fill them with disquiet. The extradition treaty with Russia is an insult and a slight to the very freedom for which the fathers struggled and for which our country stands. That this free Republic should aid and abet that tyrannical and barbaric despotism in hunting down those who dare to believe in human liberty and right, and to preach it, is enough to summon the shades of those American patriots of the last century, who shed their blood for the furtherance of those very principles.

The Chinese Exclusion law is another menace to American doctrine. Have we forgotten our traditions? Are not Mongolians as human as negroes? Or are we only to advocate the rights of man in the abstract and not in the concrete?

Even in the discontent expressed against the attitude of the President in the Hawaii incident, we disclose a tendency towards that ambition for territorial conquest that we so severely condemn in European monarchies. Any element of force, or coercion, or violence, the interference, in any form, with the rights and liberties of the individuals of other countries, any suspicion of dictation or bullying, or taking unfair advantage of foreign States because they are weak and small, are so many kinds of treason against our own Declaration of Independence. We can afford to lose the Sandwich Islands, but we cannot afford to lose our integrity and self-respect. To add to the area of our sway in that way is not patriotism, but the precedent of forbearance and the example of ideal justice will be a precious inheritance for American posterity.

Religion and State are separate to-day in the United States; they are distinct institutions. In ancient lands patriotism and piety were synonymous terms; and just as the war cry of Judas Maccabeas was "מִי כִמְכָה בְּאֱלִים", so that of the ancient Romans was "Pro aras et focus" (for our altars and our hearths). For this reason, the suppression of Israel's nationality would have meant the suppression of Israel's religion. Therefore, the victory was moral rather than political, and its triumph was marked by a temple dedication, הַנּוֹכַח, and its celebration to this day is remembered in a religious festival.

So far as Jews, but as Americans, it is our pride to-day that all our municipal and State institutions are secular. Our Constitution knows no theological doctrine. We rejoice that our schools are unsectarian; we rightly resented the attempt of the Protestant Church to force upon the Chicago Exposition the religious recognition of its Sabbath—just as we are now rightly resenting the attempt of the Catholic Church to tamper with the perfect religious liberty of our public schools. Still, in its unsectarian application, religion and State must never be divorced, *i.e.*, the State must rest on the foundation of morality. In this sense patriotism is religious even to-day. Con-

scientiousness and justice must ever be the controlling impulse in all national action. It was not accident that led the greatest of poets to express man's triple duty in one sentiment—"Country, God and Truth." Let us remember, then, that citizenship is one of our religious duties, and class it among our obligations to our fellow-men. For only then can we hope to realize the Eutopia of an ideal government for the people.

RELIGION AND SACRIFICE.

Religion and Sacrifice.

A large part of the Law is taken up with the description of sacrifices; a large part of the Prophets is occupied with denouncing them. But, although the prophets prepared the way for the gradual abolition of specific animal sacrifice and we to-day have accepted their conclusions, still sacrifice of some sort will always be demanded by religion.

For while the slaughter, of a he-goat and the burning of a ram may have been a clumsy and inadequate method for man to express the yearning of his soul to give some return to the unknown Source of his being, either in the sense of gratitude, or justice, or even fear, still it responded to a genuine human sentiment that has certainly survived this particular expression of it. And if in response to the question put by the author of the 116th Psalm, "What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits toward me," our answer would not be animal sacrifice, we none the less feel an obligation to our Almighty Father, we none the less desire to discharge it.

Indeed, there is a half regret, it being told that God needs nothing from us, that we can do nothing for the All-powerful and All-perfect, and that He only asks that we look after each other. The child loves to be of humble use to its mother, and she will often create duties to give it the pleasure of fulfilling them.

Yet God does need the service of mankind. We are His creation, and therefore our own development is also the development of His work; to help our fellow-men is to help God's creatures. He has placed within us the power of unfolding to those higher glories that are

humanity's ideal, but the mental and moral growth must be left to ourselves. God can go no further than endow us with the capability, and if we dissipate it the failure is His as well as ours. In this sense we are co-workers with God; in this sense we all assist God to bring to beautiful fruition this universe of His. And so when Amos asks, "What doth God require of thee, nothing but to do justice and love kindness," this is no figure of speech. He does require our justice and kindness. It is the sacrifice that the Infinite asks and needs of the finite; for we are part of God and our growth is His.

So, although the efficacy of sacrifice, like the efficacy of prayer, is subjective, affecting our own nature rather than moving divinity to action, it is objective, too, reaching the throne of the highest. For, if God is not a cold, mechanical force, but a living, loving Being, then surely the aspirations of His children do in some way bring Him nearer to us, or bring us nearer to Him.

And now let us look at sacrifice from another standpoint. Sacrifice in some form is a condition of life. Whatever we desire we must make some sacrifice for. In that sense cost is sacrifice. Accomplishment costs irksome study, painful discipline, and self-denial. We pay a sacrifice for every good, aye, and for that matter for every evil. If we only knew the ruinous prices that we do pay for evil ! Says Isaiah, "Come every one that thirsteth, come to the waters; come, buy, and eat without money and without price." This is only half true. We pay nothing in coin for the waters of salvation, for the bread of life, for the spiritual food that nourishes the soul, to which this quotation of course refers; but we do pay for them in honest endeavor, in sturdy effort, in bitter struggle, in heroic self-suppression. Are these sacrifices nothing; are they not the very hardest, though not to be intrinsically measured by bullion or species

Are they not, alas ! beyond the moral means of so many of us that we cannot ethically afford the luxury of higher goodness? Or shall I say we *will* not afford, closing our pockets or rather our hearts, and declaring that the price of the kingdom of God is too high, above our spiritual resources?

It is true that we often use the word sacrifice only when we voluntarily give up more than we need, when we unselfishly renounce what is rightfully ours. Yet even under this disguise you will find concealed the same principle. If a patriot sacrifices his fortune for a national emergency, as Robert Morris did in the days of the American Revolution, he is paid for that great renunciation by the exalted gratification of having effected a great salvation. Not to all would the gratification of such an act of patriotism equal the gratification of possessing the fortune; but to the man who is willing to exchange one for the other, it probably would. We all buy the things we care for, and we do not all care for the same things.

We must each decide for ourselves what sacrifices we can make, what we should make. We cannot avoid making a sacrifice in some form, for, if we sit down and do nothing, then we are sacrificing our time and our opportunities.

Now, there is yet another phase at which we may look at sacrifice that also touches its religious application. Some people feel that they have no right to be too happy, that there is something sinful in abundant joy, that we ought to be uncomfortable at times and righteously miserable. I think they have come to this state of mind in this way; because duty costs struggle, the inference is unconsciously made that we ought always to be somewhat in the condition of struggle, even where duty is not directly involved. Or, since we never come up even to our own conception of what we ought to do,

then to atone for this shortcoming we should from time to time impose penance upon ourselves, and by voluntary suffering now and then make up, so to speak, for our deficiencies.

This superstition, which reached its climax in the age of mysticism, led to those many phases of self-torture and mortification of the flesh that are pitiful to contemplate when we consider the wasted energy that simply rebounded on itself. Was that an acceptable sacrifice to religion, an offering pleasing to God? Should we make sacrifice an end in itself? Should we renounce and should we struggle for the discipline that it gives as exercise in self-control and independent of any salutary end to be directly served by it? To this I answer no! There is so much worthy work to be done, there are so many helpful causes waiting for willing hands, the world is crying so persistently to every one of us to make a small sacrifice to eradicate some evil or to extend some good that it seems wickedly wasteful to exercise our self-control in vain and arbitrary discipline. A teacher can train the memory of his pupils by making them learn long lists of unconnected words, but he prefers to train their memory by teaching them poetry, thus at the same time cultivating their literary capacity. When I read of Simon Stylites and his deluded followers standing on pillars for the mere merit of painful self-suppression, I think what a pity that those same physical and moral forces were not used in a helpful instead of in a useless way. Self-denial that is practised only to save one's soul, in what way is it preferable to selfishness practised to save one's skin? Should we think of setting machinery in motion merely to work itself but to manufacture nothing? God has implanted all these energies within us to be applied to beneficent ends, not to be idly experimented with to test our physical and

moral endurance. Religion asks no sacrifices for the sake of the sacrifice, but merely as painful, though necessary, means to attain noble ends.

Great sacrifices have been made in the past for the cause of religion, and will, we hope, be made in the future, for to be staunch to its principles and to be faithful to its duties often costs much wrestling of the spirit. None of us can fulfil the Ten Commandments and the "Ethics of the Fathers" without having to offer upon the altar of duty many temptations, passions, unholy yearnings. To "love God with all our soul, heart and might," is very easy to say night and morning in the *Shemang*, but, oh, to live it! But, again, I say, religion asks no sacrifice for the sacrifice itself. Do not suppose that any of the ceremonies of religion are simply imposed to cultivate self-denial, though they may occasionally and indirectly serve that end. Dietary laws were never intended as a wholesome check on epicurean indulgence, though they may have helped to make us a temperate people; they were simply priestly institutions to maintain our complete separateness and sanctity; they were not even intended as sanitary laws, as modern apologists claim.

The Sabbath was never originally intended as a sacrifice, though it may have so become now under changed environment. It was a privilege—the reward of rest that followed a week of honest labor—and as a boon it always had been regarded. Those at all versed in our rabbinical literature will know what a blessing the Sabbath was, a restful oasis in a dreary waste of privations, a surcease, a light in much darkness. Sacrifice! Why, the Sabbath was just the one day when harmless indulgence was encouraged. And half-starved during the week, the poorest would contrive to have a good meal on *Shabbas*; and gathered around the white cloth sing-

ing *Zemiroth*, they would for a brief space forget the hard world and its cruelty. So little was the Sabbath a sacrifice, that without its soothing balm our people would have surely broken down under the strain of persecution.

But to-day the world has arranged its affairs to suit the institutions of the majority, and we, being so small, have been left out of consideration. We are not theoretically prevented from keeping our Sabbath; if we can, we may; if it means financial ruin—well, that's our affair. Now, we are asking ourselves this question: Since the Sabbath was never intended as a hindrance and sacrifice, but as a help and privilege, and has only so become through social conditions, does the spirit of Judaism demand a sacrifice that has been artificially created, not by the Law of Moses, but by the commerce of the world? Some have answered "no," and on that argument have dropped the Sabbath without scruple. Some have declared, "this is a religious institution that it is our duty to fulfil—if it be easy, well and good; but if it be difficult, we are certainly not absolved. Fidelity to religion is tested under difficulties. We must be true to its behests at all costs; and so they keep the Sabbath. Others share these sentiments to an extent; they break the Sabbath, but under protest, because it is necessary and they have no choice; but they feel from time to time a qualm of conscience, and look forward to the day when they will be able to observe it. Here are three degrees—it is not for me to decide which is right; the conscience of each must decide for himself. Only let me warn you not to outlaw too easily as impossible what may only be difficult, and not to overlook the added sweetness and added consecration that a Sabbath will bring for which we make a weekly sacrifice. For here we touch another law of our being; for example, our love for our children grows with the sacrifices we

make for them. This is one of those mysterious compensations by which the All-wise Father equalizes many differences and transforms our trials into blessings. The harder we labor, the sweeter is the fruit, and Divine justice will not permit us to enjoy to the full that which becomes ours, but which we have not worked for.

Therefore, religion to-day asks sacrifice still. For every spiritual gain must we sacrifice some material gratification; we rise in grace, but only on the stepping stones of our dead selves, tearing out by laceration and silent conflict the sensuous, spiteful, debased self. We unfold by pain; this is a principle running all through creation. But the pain is often forgotten in the victory, and the thought of that victory will even give us courage to bear the pain.

We can exalt ourselves to such a degree of holy ecstasy that the sense of pain is deadened, lost in higher emotions. The martyr steps forth joyously to the stake. He feels no suffering though the flames encircle him; the spiritual has defied and conquered the physical; the feeling of sacrifice has vanished in the enthusiasm of moral triumph. In this way are heroes made and are imperishable deeds effected. By vigorous discipline and moral progress we are steadily rising higher in the capacity to sacrifice without suffering or regret. What we feel as a painful restraint in a lower stage is exercised mechanically without a pang in a higher stage. For instance, I may safely say that all of you are sufficiently schooled in honesty to feel that abstaining from stealing is neither a restraint nor a sacrifice, though, perhaps, not sufficiently schooled in the truth to feel no occasional temptation to lie. What is felt as sacrifice by one who has lived a wayward life accustomed to indulge every whim and wish, would not be so felt by him who has been trained in a life of strict discipline, who has learned

to obey when obedience was hard and to keep from evil when the luring temptation was very strong.

And, therefore, I think the charity we do should be measured to our credit by the sacrifice we make for it, and not by the relief effected. The element of charity rarely enters into our benevolent gifts, for we give what we do not feel, what in no way affects our own comforts. True charity begins when to give others we must consciously deny ourselves, yielding a gratification or a luxury to aid another. Our work for the poor deserves the name of philanthropy only when we sacrifice some of the time we would give to amusement-seeking or idle *dulce far niente*, in going to the objects of our gifts and coming in personal contact with them, seeking poverty in its repulsiveness and squalor, so that it must be felt. Charity is not the writing of checks while ensconced in luxuriant surroundings, from which the disagreeable is studiously excluded, not wishing to know or hear of the misery it is to relieve, for fear it might give a "bad quarter of an hour." Sometimes in the so-called charity we give, we best prove our cold-heartedness and our selfishness. That, too, is not the sacrifice that religion asks for; it is almost as contemptible as the slaughtered bulls and the burning sheep that we now despise. If our ancestors could not bribe God with burnt offerings in lieu of repentance, so we cannot bribe Him with charity doles in lieu of genuine duty—the sacrifice of the soul.

"For Thou desirest not (animal) sacrifice, else would I give it; Thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a subdued spirit. A broken and penitent heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

TRUTH.

Truth.

We owe this fable to the Talmud;—

When God was about to create man the angels gathered about Him. Some said: "Create no more, the harmony of Heaven will be disturbed by man."

Said the angel of mercy; "Oh Father create man, make him in Thine own image. I will fill his heart with pity and sympathy toward every living thing."

The angel of peace responded, "Create him not, Thy peace will he disturb. Bloodshed will follow him. War and horror will blot the earth." And last spoke the Angel of Truth. "Make him not, Oh God of Truth, else Thou wilt send falsehood to the earth." Then came the Divine reply: "Thou O Truth, shall go to earth with him and yet remain a denizen of heaven, hovering between earth and heaven, connecting link between the two."

There are two conceptions of truth that are only differentiated by being called respectively—"Truth" and "The Truth," which distinction is hinted in the fable just related. "The Truth," is absolute knowledge and belongs to the intellectual; "Truth," is veracity and belongs to the moral. "The Truth," is the possession of God only. Kant, greatest of philosophers has declared that we can only know appearance—we can never know realities. We can never be sure that we know the absolute truth about anything. Or we may be sure of mathematical truth, but not of metaphysical truth, that is we can know that 2 and 2 make four, but we cannot know the nature of the soul. Even of very commonplace things we do not know the essence.

If we knew the secret of a rose we might know the secret of God. We are searching for the eternal truth, but as human beings we can never hope to attain it.

Lessing said: It is better that we should have to search for it than that we should possess it. As a matter of fact, the choice is not given us and Lessing was right to teach us to make the best of what we have and not to sigh for the impossible.

But Truth in its second signification, which is also its popular and practical meaning, depends not on scientific investigation but on human character. Here is the distinction between truth as knowledge and truth as moral quality—between knowing the truth and being truthful. Truth is more than language. To be perfectly truthful, our words must express our actual thought, our actions must harmonize with our motives. Our mode of life must correspond to our circumstances, our attitude must convey our feelings. We must show ourselves to be what we are. Then only are we truthful. If I contribute to an orphan asylum, not to help the institution, but in order to be considered charitable or to become popular, that is in a measure untruthful. To brush my eyes with my hands as tho' weeping while secretly rejoicing, to let the externals of my home convey an idea of wealth I do not possess, to talk of authors of whom I only know the names, as though I were well versed in their works, to remain silent when I know that my silence will be misinterpreted, these are all forms of lying. For they are intended to deceive and what is lying but deception. Therefore humbug, pretension, hypocrisy, even certain forms of diplomacy, are all enemies of truth.

I say falsehood is not merely a question of language. The out-and-out falsehood is the most innocent form of lying, if any form can be called innocent. I will be more ready to excuse David who tells Achish, he is fighting against the men of Judah, when he is making war against the Amalekites—a distinct untruth, than I would

excuse the brothers of Joseph who came to Jacob with the blood stained coat and asked him: "Is this your son's?" when they knew it; they had stripped it from the boy and they had stained it to give a false clue. The question was asked purposely to leave the impression of their innocence.

"A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.

A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with out-right.

But a lie which is partly true is a harder matter to fight."

The worst enemies of the Jews are not those who deliberately fabricate malicious falsehoods against them, They can be answered. We have been able to expose the absurdity of the charge about using Christian blood to make Passover cakes. But when the anti-Semites ascribe to the Russian Jews alone, those evils that are common to all Russians, but which the Jews in Russia actually possess in a lesser degree as proved by the statistics of Mr. Arnold White, they utter against them a slander which from its tincture of truth it is very hard for us to refute in a way to convince the average cursory reader.

We are often lying even when we flatter ourselves we are righteously exact. I have seen the truth made false by change of emphasis; nor is it sufficient to stand within the letter of precision. We may state nothing but what is literally true, and yet if we intend a false conclusion to be inferred, there is no virtue in our cunning. Truth is not of the letter but of the spirit. Even deceiving ourselves we cannot deceive God.

Again, if we separate a fact from its relation to other facts, and state it alone so that it leaves a different impression from what would be conveyed if left in the context, the falsehood is clever perhaps, but the smartness does not lessen the offence, and the pity is that our

ingenuity is not given to a worthier cause. It is only the poorer type of Christian who takes an isolated verse from the Psalms or the Prophets, so that it may seem to prove his favorite doctrine. The genuine Christian despises such methods and refuses to score a point by a pious fraud. He who, anxious to prove a particular theory of labor compares, let us say, low wages in Europe with high wages in America, but deliberately omits to state the lower cost of rent and clothing that partly counterbalances the difference, might just as well give false figures at once. Either the whole truth or none. A half truth is a misnomer; there is no such thing.

Now one may tell the truth, the whole truth, simply with the brutal intention of wounding and giving pain. Is there virtue in that truth? Not a whit. There is no moral difference between that truth and a falsehood uttered for the same object. It is only used to serve the ends of spite. In the realm of morals, motive is everything. A fact stated deserves not the merit of truthfulness, unless stated for the sake of truth. For mark you, we never apply the epithet truthful, unless it be a test case, where a sacrifice, however slight, is made for the cause of truth.

"To fight for truth is noble,
When we share her humble crust;
Not when her cause has triumphed,
And it's profitable to be just."

I am going to carry my argument one point further, and say that he who does not wish to know the truth, in case it may be unpalatable, but prefers to be left in comfortable error under the delusion that it is truth, is perhaps a greater enemy of truth than the deliberate denier. If you fancy you are doing your duty, but refrain from investigating too minutely for fear you might find out that you are not doing your duty, you are flirting with falsehood and will learn to like her too well. Some peo

ple grow angry because brought face to face with a disagreeable actuality. Leading snug lives that they want to make believe are good lives, they regard as their enemy he who shows that they are selfish lives. Many again are afraid of the truth and refuse to learn it. "My creed may be all wrong, but don't tell me, don't show me the weak points, please leave me in my ignorance, it is so blissful. Don't take away my faith." Oh cowards, what must be your faith, if you cannot trust God enough to look truth squarely in the face. It may be disappointing at first; many fond delusions have to go, many pretty and petty vanities and false imaginings, but after you have adjusted yourselves to the new truth you will learn to love it and be thankful that God has shown you more light. Of course in the education of youth there is a certain order or sequence in which scientific truth should be imparted. An untimely disclosure may disturb the intellectual balance and perhaps do harm. There are facts and books for every age.

I suppose one of the reasons why we are so fond of compromise is that we ourselves are compromises of good and evil. "To be human is to be imperfect," is a Latin proverb. So we seem to have a sneaking fondness for imperfection. We don't like to swallow our truth neat—too strong, perhaps; we love to tincture our truth with falsehood, and declare that the adulteration is an improvement. Alloy hardens the gold, it lasts longer and is much more practical for use; so, to be successful, we think we must be practical in that questionable sense and judiciously use a little alloy of falsehood to make our truths reach further. The incident of yesterday told among your friends sounds infinitely better touched with a little fiction. It would be a pity to spoil a good story for fear of a little exaggeration. And just for that apparently harmless reason, we are compelled to

discredit half the world's history. Oh, if the ancients had but loved the truth, how precious the exact knowledge would be to posterity. What a dreadful revenge they have taken upon themselves, giving to us distorted caricatures, when we might have had their life-like photographs.

It is our human preference for the half truth to the whole truth that compels us to postpone the reign of truth to that distant millenium to which we conveniently assign all difficult attainment. There is not much choice between people of the Louis XV type who say "after me the world may go to smash," and that other type, that says, "when I am dead and gone the world may become as perfect as it please." We are perpetually saying that truth *will* prevail, not that it *does* prevail. We cry that, time is its best friend, by which we mean that we are not and that we do not propose to help the truth, but will let it gradually extricate itself from the mass of lies with which we try to smother it, as best it may. We piously quote a proverb "truth crushed to earth will rise again;" but why need it be crushed to earth? Why do we give it a knock-down blow just because it is able to pick itself up again? Why do we love falsehood and keep perpetually in its bad companionship, knowing it will corrupt our morals?

In brief why do we lie? Some tell untruths out of pure wantonness; but to state what is not the fact for the mere pleasure of fooling other people, is only indulged in by children or by very silly, thoughtless persons. It can be easily uprooted by early impressing upon our children the sanctity of truth, for truth's sake. The parent must not decide the gravity of the falsehood by its consequence, but must rebuke an untruth that is merely trivial and of no account, as severely as an untruth that brings about a mishap, otherwise the child will learn to

discriminate between untruths and untruths, and will consider those harmless that do not happen to turn out unfortunately. You must teach your children to love truth itself, as an end in itself as distinct from its special application to any incident. Accustom them to habits of accuracy, by setting high value upon exactness. And if the child delightedly tells you it saw fifty lions at the show, while you know there were not ten, and the child is made to understand that its misstatement has completely spoilt your interest in the narrative, that the incident is ignored and forgotten in your displeasure at the exaggeration,—the child mortified, and ashamed, will not forget the lesson easily.

So much for the wanton falsehood. But lying, deliberate and presumptuous, what is its cause and purpose? Nothing more than deception with the object of unfair advantage. The prisoner denies his guilt in order not to suffer its consequence. He who misrepresents in business, does so to make money; he who conceals his opinions hopes thereby to gain a post or to defeat an enemy. We all deny our failing and discrepancies, that the world may think we are better than we are. We are more anxious to make a good impression than a true impression, and so we present our best side as though it were our only side, and hide our worst side to make believe that it does not exist at all. Some people are perpetually going about exaggerating to whomsoever they meet, the creditable things they do, plausibly smoothing over the discreditable things, and so persisting on their excellence that gradually people believe them, at least for a time. Even they, learn to believe the good things they repeat of themselves perpetually. Thus fictitious character is created by violating truth in the interest of self. So all untruth is but to gain an unfair advantage. Therefore if we discipline ourselves to

accept only what is perfectly just and are resigned to submit to what is perfectly just, and are willing to grant to others what is perfectly just—falsehood will be unnecessary.

Remember truth is the foundation of confidence and trust. Placed in this world mutually dependent on each other we have to trust each other in certain things. We can't read each other's souls; we can't watch each other's every deed; we cannot act as detectives on our fellow-men, even if we did nothing but that. God has intended that we should trust each other, to trust and be trusted we must first be true to each other. We can be true to our fellowmen only by being true to ourselves. "To thine own self be true, and it does follow, as the night the day, that thou canst not be false to any man." Let the world know you as you are. If you are not ashamed of your real self—why try to conceal it? Don't get into the habit of supposing that it is necessary to conceal so much. Let us all be more frank and more sincere. We need not walk abroad with domino and mask—society is not a conspiracy, it is a brotherhood.

Finally we deceive none but ourselves, all the scheming and the subterfuge and the misrepresentation fails to conceal the actual individual from a keen-eyed world. Occasionally the mask shifts and people catch sight of the face behind it, or we get tired of holding a screen perpetually before us and drop it now and then, in an angry word, in an impulse, in a moment of confidential confession—and then all the years of pretence go for nothing. Others from whom we are trying to conceal our true character actually know us better than we know ourselves.

Oh, the wasted energy and labor to set right the world's falsehoods that might be given to good and upbuilding work! In the Talmudic fable, at the opening of this lecture, we were told that the Angel of Truth flitted between earth and heaven. I fear that we give her but an inhospitable reception here—either asking her to meet at our table her natural opponents, or else slamming the door in her face. She might return to the heavens, never to come back to us; but she has a few staunch friends here on earth, and, for the sake of the ten righteous, she will save the whole world.

JOB.—I.

J o b .

I.

Although the Bible has been translated into every spoken tongue, some of its books are as unread and a unknown as though they had remained in the original Hebrew. This is not entirely the fault of the people. For there are two kinds of translation—the translation of language and the translation of thought. There are some chapters of some Bible books where the references, the ideas and the poetic symbols are so obscure as not only to be unintelligible even in the translation, but where the vernacular has so misinterpreted the text in sheer despair of its meaning that to understand the translation is to misunderstand the original.

The Book of Job is probably the most difficult to comprehend of all the books of the Bible. Even had it reached us in the exact form in which its author gave it, even had no passages fallen away and no passages been added to it, and no meddlesome scribe had tampered with the text, its language would still be full of puzzles. By a strange perversion, the verse that has been most erroneously translated is unfortunately the most popular quotation from Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c., and according as it be translated in each of three ways may we infer the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, or as against that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, or as against both complete silence on the doctrine of future life.

With regard to the book in general, the critics are divided as to whether it be a sober history or a parable. The best thinkers accept the latter view, which by the way is not exclusively modern. There are other books in the Bible, which are much better understood as allegories, written to impress important lessons, than as

actual occurrences. "Jonah" and "Daniel" are of this character. "Jonah," for example, was written to teach that God was not local nor was His love confined to one people; He was universal and Jonah could not escape from Him even though he took ship to Tarshish; He cared for all mankind and would save Nineveh as readily as Israel. "Daniel" was written at the time of the Maccabean war to encourage the patriots, by giving inspiring pictures of brave fidelity, and showing how Providence ever protecteth the innocent.

These books approach nearest to a certain high kind of fiction of the present day, written to further needed reforms—such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Robert Elsmere," "Looking Backward." The comparison is only partial and not quite just to the Hebrew writers. For their books were inspired only by the earnest and religious purpose of bringing instruction and comfort to their people, unmixed with any lower motives of fame or gain or entertainment. In whatever the ancient Jew did, he was always in earnest. The narrative form of writing for education was much more usual in the days when the expression of abstract thought was hardly developed in language, than now. Now, the story is primarily the vehicle for amusement and diversion. And he who has a very serious message to deliver shrinks from presenting it as a play or a novel, fearing that this lighter form may detract from its high purpose. Even Goethe's Faust, whose "Prologue in Heaven" is directly taken from the Book of Job, loses in earnestness because of its form.

What was the object of the Book of Job? We are always aided in finding out the intended motive of a book by looking into the condition of the times in which it is written. Now that is just one of the things that the author has so cleverly disguised. In order not to be

hampered by local conditions, he pictures his story in the patriarchal age; he even makes his hero Job an Arab Sheik instead of an Israelite, which mislead the early commentators into supposing the book might have been written by Moses; but mention of the gold of Ophir proves that it could not have been written earlier than the time of Solomon. Ewald thinks it was written in the days of Jeremiah, but the most logical decision is that it was written still later, during the Babylonian Exile, that fruitful period of spiritual growth and literary activity. If Job is to typify Israel, as some think, the picture certainly fits the condition of this time. For Job is a righteous man upon whom every form of affliction has nevertheless fallen; while many wicked people triumph, he who had "strengthened weak hands and had been eyes to the blind," is visited by all the woes known to suffering humanity. Israel,—who if not as perfect as this type, led at least more moral lives than the people around them,—had to experience defeat, slaughter, humiliation, denationalization and exile.

The sad straits of their people must have been a source of painful thought to the "wise men," and a severe test of faith in God. The old teaching had always been that goodness was rewarded in this world by material prosperity and that evil was immediately or eventually punished by adversity. The Psalms and prophets are full of this teaching and it pervades, I might almost say saturates, every page of the Bible. No people taught this lesson so persistently as the Hebrews, for intensely convinced of the moral government of God, they sought, and thought they saw in every external condition a distinct recompense for good or retribution for wrong. The prophets connected every defeat of Israel with every idolatry of Israel as direct cause and effect. To quote but one of the Psalms as example—the 92nd—"When the

workers of iniquity flourish it is that they shall be destroyed for ever, but the righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree—to show that the Eternal is just.”

Either then God is unjust in the uneven way in which prosperity and virtue are proportioned to each other in human experience, or that theory of God's providence is only a partial truth. It is the latter conclusion that is the chief lesson the author wishes to convey. He seems to have been a man of great learning, possessed of all the knowledge of his age. He knows all lands and all climates. He is versed in mythology, in Chaldean philosophy, in astronomy, and is therefore well able from his travels and experience to handle so vast a theme. And now let us take up the story in full.

There was a man in the land of Uz named Job, who feared God and eschewed evil. He had seven sons and three daughters, and was rich in the kind of wealth that was current in patriarchal times, for he had thousands of sheep and camels, and oxen and asses in abundance. So scrupulous was he, that whenever his sons had a birthday party, Job would sanctify them after the feast, for fear that in the revelry they may have indulged in levity and forgotten themselves.

After this general description the scene is changed to Heaven. It is unnecessary to state that there is no more intended reality in this picture of God with His angels about Him, holding a sort of court like an earthly king, than many such pictures in the Midrash of the same character. One day, the angels presented themselves, as was their periodic custom, and with them came Satan. Satan was a sort of spirit-detective, who traversed the earth to investigate all cases of evil. His part is always represented as the accuser, never the defender of man—the prosecuting attorney in the heavenly court of justice. Where kinder spirits would see worthiness he would

discover a sinister motive. At times he is the tempter luring man to sin, not necessarily for fiendish gratification but to test his moral powers; for the exercise of resistance that temptation calls into play, strengthens a really good man in his righteousness. We may presume from the context that on each visit he rendered a report of past investigation and was given one or more cases to look up.

"Hast thou considered my servant Job," asks the Eternal, "there's an upright and perfect man, you can find no blemish in him." "Oh yes," says Satan the cynic, "Does Job fear God for naught; see how he is protected and blessed, touch his possessions and he would renounce You to Your face." "You may put him to the test," replies the Eternal, "deprive him of all he has, but don't touch his person."

So Satan begins his trial of Job. One day a messenger hurried into Job's presence and said: "while we were ploughing, the Sabeans fell upon us, took oxen and asses and killed the servants, and I alone am left to tell the tale." Then another messenger appeared and said: "a fire has burned all your sheep and shepherds and I alone am left to tell the tale." While he was yet speaking came another, who reported that the Chaldeans in three bands swooped down on the camels with their attendants, and that he alone had escaped. But the bearer of the most awful tidings came last. "Thy children were feasting when there came a great whirlwind that took the house by its four corners and killed them all, and I alone am left to tell the tale." Job arose and rent his garments, yet fell upon his knees and worshiped, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Again came Satan at the heavenly court. "Art thou now satisfied with the integrity of my servant Job?" But

the incredulous Satan was not yet satisfied, "His body is yet untouched; touch his bone and his flesh and he will renounce Thee yet." We are a little surprised that the author of this book should have made physical suffering harder to be borne than mental, since the infliction of pain is represented as more severe than the loss of children.

However that may be, Job is now smitten with a kind of leprosy, from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. He sat there in the ashes and scraped himself with a potsherd, a pitiable object of woe. Now in all these afflictions, his wife had been spared to him, and some one has humorously said that this was part of his affliction, for she seems to have been a shrew. "Dost thou still hold fast to thine integrity" said she, perhaps spitefully, "renounce God and die." He answered unmoved, "thou speakest as an impious woman would speak. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God and not receive the evil?" Job had withstood the second test.

Three friends now came to comfort him, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar. They rent their garments and sat beside him in sympathetic silence. In deep grief we are comforted by the presence of our friends more than by their words. Their arrival closes the prose part of the story. Now begins the poem—that marvelous discussion between Job and his friends on the relation of evil to punishment—the most splendid creation of Hebrew poetry and one of the finest pieces of literature in any ancient or modern language. We can but give you a few picked fragments.

After the long awful silence, Job opened his mouth and poured forth his tale of misery :

"May the day perish wherein I was born,
Let it be darkness, let God not regard it from above.
Let it be blotted from the calendar.—

Why died I not at birth?

Why was I not one of those infants which never see the light.

Why could I not be in the grave where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the weary are at rest?

The great and the small are alike there,
 And the servant is free from the taskmaster.
 Why is light given to a man whose way is hid,
 And whom God hath hedged in?"

This plaint provokes reply from his friends. The arguments of each friend are typical of the old theological theories which the author wishes to contravert.

With a rare fairness the author presents these views he would reject in their most beautiful and convincing form.

ELIPHAZ.

"If one attempt to talk with thee, wilt thou be grieved?
 Thou hast instructed many, thou hast strengthened weak hands.
 Thy words have upholden the fallen.
 But now, that such trouble has come to thee, thou faintest.
 (Though thou didst find excellent arguments to explain the grief of others),
 Is not thy fear of God, thy confidence?
 Whoever perished being innocent, in your remembrance
 Wherever were the upright cut off?
 According to my experience, those who plow iniquity
 And sow mischief, reap the same.
 By the breath of God they perish.—
 In a night vision, I heard these words:
 Shall mortal man be more just than God,
 Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?
 Affliction cometh not forth from the dust—(out of nothing).
 As for me, I would seek God,
 And unto Him would I commit my cause.
 Happy should be the man whom God reproveth,
 Therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty.—
 We have searched this thing out, and it is so
 Hear it, and know it is for your good."

We can understand how such a patronising speech, full of the old platitudes, would irritate the suffering Job and make his pains almost unbearable. Using his own past teachings against him too, and subtly implying, in accordance with the old belief, that since he is afflicted, he must have sinned. In anguish of pain he burst out:

JOB.

"Oh that my calamity were weighed in the balance
 It would be heavier than the sand of the sea.
 Therefore have my words been rash,
 For the arrows of the Almighty are within me.
 Would that it would please God to kill me outright,

Then I would be at peace.

I have not denied the words of the Holy One.—

To a man that is ready to faint, a friend should show kindness

But you have dealt as deceitfully as a brook.

Did I ask you to redeem me from the hand of the oppressor?

Teach me to understand wherein I have erred?

How forcible are your virtuous words!

But what does your arguing prove?

Now look at me, for surely I shall not lie to your face.

My cause is righteous.

Cannot my sense discern what is wrong?

I *will* speak in the anguish of my spirit

I *will* complain in the bitterness of my soul.

And then to scare me with that vision of yours.

I loathe my life; let me alone; my days are vanity."

Then he turns to God and in a moment of rebellion, into which his friend's uncalled-for rebuke had goaded him, he assails even divine justice:

"What is man that thou shouldst magnify him."

(This is a satire on the 8th Psalm.)

"And try him every moment.

If I have sinned, what have I done,

Why hast thou set me as a mark for thee

So that I am a burden to myself?"

Then Bildad, the second friend takes up the argument.

"How long wilt thou speak in this way,

Doth God pervert justice?

If thou wert pure and upright, he would make the habitation of thy righteousness prosperous,

And although thy beginning were small, thy latter end would greatly increase,

Make enquiry of former age, of the experience of ancestors.

Can a rush grow up without mire? while yet in its greenness it withereth.

So are the paths of all that forget God.

Behold God will not cast away a perfect man,

Neither will He uphold the evil-doers."

That the second friend should obstinately persist in the same theory, as though misfortune could be accounted for in no other way, galled Job sorely. But that he should also insinuate in an unmistakable manner that Job was probably guilty of some crime about which he refused to be frank, drove him to such desperation, that, added to his keen physical sufferings, caused him to break through all the limits of reason, and approach well nigh to the borders of blasphemy :

"How can man be just with God, if it please Him to contend with man.

He maketh the pillars of the earth to tremble,

He commandeth the sun, He sealeth up the stars.

He alone stretcheth out the heavens and treadeth upon the waves of the sea.

Who can say to Him what doest Thou?

How then can I answer Him.

Even though I were righteous, I would not answer Him.

For he breaketh me in a tempest,

And multiplieth my wounds without cause.

He destroyeth both the perfect and the wicked.

He will mock at the trial of the innocent.

The earth is given into the hand of evil doers.

He covereth the faces of the judges,

If it be not He, who then is it?

Then calming down a little bit, as he realizes that he has spoken too rashly, he continues in a gentler tone:

"Is it good that Thou shouldst oppress,

That Thou shouldst despise the work of Thine hands,

Thou hast granted me life and favor,

Thy care hath preserved my spirit.

Are not my days few? Cease then and let me alone

That I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return.

Even to the land of darkness, and of the shadow of death."

O the awful sadness of despair and the bitter anguish conveyed in these words. Is the author recalling a bitter experience of his own? How true to life is this natural impetuous unreasonableness of an oppressed soul. And still as though his cup of agony were not yet full, Zopher, the third friend must now reiterate the same provoking insinuations, in that same exasperating, patronising way:

"Should thy boasting make men hold their peace.

And when thou mockest shall no man make thee ashamed?

Thou say'st—I am clean and pure.

Would that God would open His lips against thee.

Know that God exacteth of thee less than thine iniquity deserveth.

(As though Zopher now actually had in hand the facts of Job's sin.)

"Canst thou by searching find out God.

It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do?

Deep as the grave what canst thou know?

He knoweth vain man, and sees iniquity, even when He seems to ignore it.

Therefore if iniquity be in thy hand put it away,
Surely then thou shalt lift up thy face without stain.
Then though there be darkness, it shall be as morning.
And thou shalt be secure because there is hope."

Job now replies to his third opponent, and his anger takes the form of sarcasm:

"Oh yes you are all very clever.
And when you die there wont be any wisdom left.
But I know something as well as you.
I am not inferior to you.

(I yet maintain) The just and perfect man is made a laughing stock.

The tents of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure.

Every one knows without your telling that God accomplishes all things.

That in His hand is the soul of every living thing.
That with Him is wisdom and might and effectual making;
When He breaks down none can build up again.
He can make judges—fools, and princes—contemptible.
I know all these things as well as you do.'

It is God's justice, not his power that Job doubts.

But you are physicians of no value.

Would that you would hold your peace and that would be your wisdom.

God will slay me, I have no hope.

Nevertheless I will maintain my ways before Him.

I know that I am righteous,

Oh let me speak and answer thou me.

Make me to know my transgression and my sins."

Then turning from his own woes to those of man in general, he bursts forth:

"Man that is born of woman is of few days.

And full of trouble.

He buddeth like a flower, and withereth;

He fleeth as a shadow, and ceases to be.

Thou hast decided his limits beyond which he cannot pass.

When he giveth up his life, where is he,

If a man die shall he live again?

In these sad reflections of wavering doubt, the first portion of the book closes. The discussion will reopen again. The problems of life,—immortality, sin, suffering happiness, and divine justice will be further fathomed. And we shall see what religious lessons and what new truth this great unknown Hebrew writer wishes to teach mankind.

JOB—II.

Job.

II.

We closed the last lecture on Job with the first act, so to speak, when the curtain fell after Job had replied in turn to the accusations of his three friends. Before it rises again on the second argument, let us consider their relative views.

The friends, following the old theology, which would attempt to account for the whole moral plan of the universe by a half truth, argue that, because Job is afflicted, Job must have sinned. Surely, they should have felt that there must be some mental reservation in that theory, or society would have treated every unfortunate as a criminal. But they so forgot their original purpose that they became more anxious to prove Job wicked than their theories mistaken. Job, conscious of his innocence, is exasperated by their insinuations, and still more so by their patronizing advice. They give him magnificent pictures of God's power. Job retorts that he is well acquainted with the might of God, and in turn gives them majestic descriptions of Divine marvels. It is not God's power that he doubts, but His justice. The contest between God and man is unequal and unfair, he contends,—how can weak mortals stand justified before that awful time-defying Power? Job reaches the extremity of irreverence and doubt to which his sufferings and his accusers have driven him, when he suggests that God has devised this magnificent creation only to destroy man.

We must not take such outbursts too strictly. We can see that Job never quite believes his most intemperate speeches. In moments of great passion or suffering, we are likely to say what we know to be unjust and untrue;

and, noble though Job is, he is but a man. A less skilful writer would have depicted him unmoved in all his troubles, never forgetting himself in paroxysm of grief or rage; but this truly human picture is the achievement of genius. There is, however, another reason why the author permits his hero to give expression to such daring views; he wishes to present through Job all theories of God and life, even the most radical and sceptical. To be fair and convincing, he must ignore none.

On the other hand, Job's wild language convinces his friends more positively than ever that he is guilty of some wrong. So, while they at first dwelt on the rewards of repentance, they now try to frighten him by telling him of the terrible punishments of the wicked. As if man could ever be frightened into goodness, or as if the abstaining from evil through cowardice or fear, could ever be called goodness at all! But in these later dialogues, Job and his friends change places—they become violent while he grows calm—something of his old faith begins to return, broken here and there by occasional outbursts against the visitation of God. This ebb and flow of faith is equally true to human nature.

Following the original order, Eliphaz is the first to speak. He rebukes Job now without reserve:

(If thy theory were correct, then)

"Thou wouldst do away with fear and devotion to God (altogether)

It is thine iniquity that is guiding thy speech.

Not I, but thine own lips, testify against thee.

Art thou the first man that was born,

Hast thou been admitted in the secret counsel of God?

Hast thou the monopoly of wisdom?

Thou knowest nothing that we do not know.

(In fact) We bring to you the experience of the aged.

Are the consolations of God (the retributions of life) too small for thee?

Do not let thy feelings carry thee away,
To turn thy spirit against God.

What is even the best of men—that he can claim righteousness?
Much less one (presumably Job) who drinketh iniquity like water."

And then, to "comfort" Job, he closes with a lurid picture of the sufferings of the wicked.

Again Job returns to the challenge:

" Miserable comforters are you all.
Is there no end to your empty arguments?
If I were in your place, I could speak as you do.
I could say disagreeable things and wisely shake my head.
But if you were in my place, I would try to solace you
And strengthen you with encouraging words."

Fearing they had not realized his sufferings, Job now follows with an awfully vivid description of them, again protesting his innocence and calling on God to vindicate him :—

" Behold, my witness is in heaven
And He that can vouch for me is On High.

I was at ease and he broke me asunder, even though there was no violence in my hands

Mine eyes pour out tears to the Almighty, that He would maintain the right of a man with God and with his neighbor.

For when a few years are come, I shall go the way whence I shall not return.

If I look toward the grave as my (last) home,
If I have said to decay thou art my father,
And to the worm, thou art my mother,
Where will my hope be then?
It shall go down to the bars of the grave
When once there is rest in the dust."

In his most despairing moods, Job even questions the future life. For the author, true to his comprehensive plan, must present the theories of the agnostics also, and they have always existed.

Bildad, the second speaker, takes the cue of the first by giving Job a refreshing picture of

"How the light of the wicked shall be put out,

How he shall be chased out of the world and his remembrance perish from the face of the earth, and how the dwellings of the unrighteous become desolate.

The patient Job, wearied unto death, replies :-

"How long will ye vex my soul

And break me in pieces with words?

Ten times have you reproached me.

You ought to be ashamed to treat me so hardly.

Even if I have erred, my error remains with myself."

Job is wrong there; no man can sin against himself only. The consequences always reach others. In a despondent tone, he tells us again of his woes, giving some interesting experiences of how a man is treated in adversity:-

"My relatives have failed me, my friends have forgotten me,

The servants of my own household treat me as a stranger.

If I call to a servant, he returneth no answer, though I entreat him. Even children despise me

Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, oh ye my friends,

For the hand of God hath touched me.

Yet I know that my Vindicator liveth.

And, though this body be destroyed, yet without my flesh shall I see God,

Whom I shall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold."

The third speaker, Zophar, but repeats the ideas of his fellows. "The triumph of the wicked is short, and the joy of the godless but for a moment." In answer to these dogmatic statements, Job takes up that mysterious problem of life, the frequent prosperity of the wicked, and the no less frequent adversity of the righteous.

"Why do the wicked become prosperous and longlived, and their offspring secure?

[The very ones] that defied God, that say what is the Almighty that we should serve him,[find] their houses safe from fear.

How often is "the lamp of the wicked put out?" (to quote you)
 You say God layeth up retribution for their children,
 But they don't care what happens after they are gone.
 One man, full of blessings, dieth in quietness and peace, another
 dies in bitterness of soul, having never tasted good.

Why then comfort me in vain,
 Seeing that in your answers there is only falsehood?"

This closes the second act or series, and the friends recommence their arguments for the last time, though they have nothing fresh to tell except that now instead of gently hinting at Job's possible iniquity, they throw off all reserve and positively and openly assert it—as the only explanation of his calamities and his rebelliousness. Eliphaz once more:—

"Can a man be profitable to God?

Surely he that is wise is profitable to himself

Is it any pleasure to the Almighty that thou art righteous?

Is it gain to Him that thou makest thy ways perfect?

Is it for fear of thee, that He reproveth thee?

(No!) It is because thy wickedness is great. Why!—there is no end to your iniquities."

Eliphaz then coolly proceeded to quote the list of what he believes to be Job's sins, drawing entirely on his imagination concluding with an edifying sermon of the good that will still come to him, if he but forsake the crimes that poor Job had never committed. But the friends have ceased to anger Job now; his thoughts enter a loftier plane—that wave of hysterical reproach is over. He does not deign to answer the friend—he puts him aside—and looks above:—

"Oh that I knew where I might find God.

That I might plead my cause before Him."

It was no use pleading it before men—who remained stubborn in their stock arguments:

"I want to know how He would answer me.

Would He contend against me in the greatness of His power?

No! surely not; I know He would listen to me.

(But where can I find Him?)

Behold I go forward and He is not there.

And backwards but I cannot perceive Him

He evades me wherever I turn.

(How like and yet unlike the 139th Psalm.)

Yet have I kept His way and obeyed His commands.

I have treasured His words more than my necessary food.

But He doeth as He wishes and fulfilleth my destiny against me.

So when I consider I am afraid of Him.

Why is it, seeing times are not hidden from the Almighty

That those who know Him see not His days?

(How many a one has uttered that imploring cry, "Give us more light on God's ways.")

Every outrage and wrong committed by man is described by Job with pathetic vividness.

And yet God seems to let the wicked rest securely.

If this, he concludes, be not true, who will prove me false?

Bildad evades the direct question by saying that it is impossible for "man who is a worm to be just before God to whom belongs all dominion and before whose purity even the stars grow dim." Here and there Job and his opponents seem to use each other's arguments, though to prove different conclusions. But Job in all his misery will yield to none in his recognition of the greatness of the Almighty. He breaks forth into another one of those sublime descriptions of all embracing nature, in which the author seems to be at his best:—

JOB.

"He stretcheth out the north over empty space.

And hangeth the earth upon nothing.

He bindeth up the waters in His clouds.

By His spirit are the heavens beautified.

And these are but the outskirts of His power.—

How small a whisper is heard of Him

But the thunder of His power who can understand?—

Turning once more to his own cause :
As God liveth who hath taken away my right
My lips shall speak no unrighteousness.
Till I die, I will not put away mine integrity.
My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go.
My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live."

Job then had withstood Satan's test in spite of occasional waverings. No affliction could turn him from virtue. But that original experiment with which the book opened in the prologue in heaven has been put aside in the larger problem of the purpose for which suffering is imposed on mankind. It had been only used to introduce this discussion, or perhaps the author's original plan expanded and deepened as he advanced. After a last speech which must be ascribed to the third friend—Zophar, although the text ascribes it to Job, the third act closes. The friends have been silenced, the insufficiency of the old-fashioned theology and narrow conception of Providence has been exposed. We presume they now withdraw and Job is left alone.

Sitting in solitude, he again breaks forth into a mournful soliloquy of his happy past, by which the author skillfully gives us a fuller insight into his early life:

"Oh that I were as in the months of old
As in days when God watched over me.

When His lamp shone above my head and by His light I walked through darkness,

When the Almighty was yet with me, and my children were about me.—

When I went forth to the city gate, the aged rose and stood.

The young shrunk back, with awe, the princess ceased from talking.

And the ear that heard me blessed me.

Because I delivered the poor that cried

The fatherless that had none to help him.

And I made the widow's heart to sing or joy.

I was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame.

And I defended the cause of him who was unknown to me.
Unto me men gave ear and waited, and after I had spoken they answered not again.

But now I am in derision, they abhor me and stand aloof.
And spare not to insult me. I am thrown down by the mob.
My soul is poured out within me, affliction has taken possession.
I cry to thee, oh God, and Thou dost not answer me.
Thou art cruel and persecuteth me.

Did I not weep for him that was in trouble?

Did not my soul grieve for the needy?

And now I stand in the assembly and cry for help.—

If I have walked with vanity or deceit, then let justice be meted out to me.

Had my heart followed the lust of mine eyes,

Had I enticed my neighbor's wife,

Then I would say let me sow and let another eat,

For that would be a heinous crime indeed,

If I have seen any perish for want of clothing,

Or if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless,

Then let my shoulder fall from my shoulder-blade

And my arm be broken from the bone.

Had I made gold my hope, had I foolishly worshiped the sun,

Had I even rejoiced at my enemy's downfall,

That too would be iniquity worthy of punishment.—

Here is my signature, let the Almighty answer me,

Would that I could see the indictment against me."

Here follows the speech of a fourth man, Elihu. The Bible scholars nearly all unite in concluding that this did not belong to the original book of Job, but is an insertion by some later writer who wished to introduce his particular opinions into the discussion. Such liberties in the field of literature were common in olden times. But as he adds nothing to the argument and only weakly copies what the book contains, we will pass him by.

To prove his innocence to his friends and to fathom the cause of his affliction, Job had repeatedly called upon God to appear to him, to explain His ways and to justi-

fy his punishments. Job's request is at last answered. What could not be imagined in sober narration is certainly permissible in poetry and parable, especially in the bold style of antiquity. The author actually pictures God Almighty meeting the challenge of the afflicted man.

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said:

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge.

Let me ask thee [who would venture to argue with God.]

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?

Tell me if you can.

Who determined its measure or stretched the line upon it.

Who laid the corner stone thereof when the morning stars sang together.

When I presented for the clouds my decree,

And said, hither shalt thou come and no further,

And here shall thy proud waves be stayed,

Hast thou commanded the morning since the days began?

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea,

Or walked into the recesses of the deep?

Have the gates of death been revealed unto thee?

Declare if thou knowest it all.

Where is the way to the dwelling of light.

And as to darkness, where is its place.

Doubtless thou knowest for thou wast then born!

Hast thou entered the treasures of the snow.

By what way is the light parted,

Or the East wind scattered over the earth.

Who hath cleft a channel for the water flood,

Or for the lightning of the thunder?

(We to-day would say for the thunder of the lightning)

Hath the rain a father, or who hath begotten the drops of dew?

Out of whose womb came the ice.

And the hoar-frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?

Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades,

Dost thou know the ordinances of the heavens?

Who hath given understanding to the mind?

Who provideth the raven his food
When the young ones cry unto God?
Hast thou clothed the horse's neck with the quivering mane,
The glory of whose snorting is so terrible
As he paweth in the valley and leapeth as a locust
Doth the eagle mount up at thy command?
Doth the hawk soar by thy wisdom
Wilt thou then condemn Me that *thou* mayst be justified.
Or hast thou an arm like God?
Then will I also confess of thee
That thine own right hand can save thee.

Job, overawed by the realization of God's magnificence,
meekly and reverently confesses:

"Behold, I am of small account. What can I answer thee?
I know that thou canst do all things.
Yea! I have "hidden counsel without knowledge,"
Therefore have I uttered that which I understood not.
Things too wonderful for me, which I could never know
Before I had but heard of Thee—now I see Thee;
I will lay my hand upon my mouth and say no more."

So closes the book of Job. There is an epilogue, it is true, which tells how Job was relieved from his suffering and was given children, wealth and honor once more. People love to clear up a story, and see its happy end. But it is doubtful whether the original author wrote that epilogue. It is certainly unnecessary for the purpose of the parable, in fact, rather confuses it. For what is it to teach—that suffering is not necessarily the result of sin nor prosperity the consequence of righteousness? If Job were rewarded after all, it would be an endorsement of the old belief. God's vast plan of the universe cannot all be explained on that theory of material reward and punishment as the three friends and all antiquity believed and as many believe still. We cannot know the ways of God to man, they are past our finding out. They comprehend much more than our finite mind can

grasp. Such conclusions dawn on us when we pause for a moment to realize the stupendous marvel of God's glorious creation.

Job is made so very righteous and his suffering so exceedingly great—as the most forcible instance to prove that adversity is not necessarily the consequence of sin—reducing the case to the lowest terms.

If you see a man whom you think wicked, in esteem, and one whom you thought good in adversity, you need not conclude that either you were mistaken in your opinion of their character, as the friends thought, or that God is not just, as Job at first thought, or that there is not a God at all, as the sceptic concludes. Can you learn the whole from a detail—how do you know but that partial evil may be a universal good, that in the Divine plan that is to encompass all time, the individual may not suffer for the larger welfare of humanity. And again, thousands of intervening causes outside of moral, may bring suffering and pain. There are natural laws as well as moral laws in God's world, which we must also not ignore. You will notice that God does not really answer Job—but giving him a cursory glimpse of the marvels of existence—He shows him that it is impossible for man to know all—and wrong for him to condemn what he can never understand. Job learns that the world is deeper than he thought. A condition of God's greatness is that we do *not* know Him—that the world is not such a small and simple family affair as the ancients supposed. We say with Moliere, “que sais je,” “What do I know?” Just enough to be reverently silent. Faith in God and His justice is the most precious treasure given to man. If he can hold fast to that he can bear all things. When Job's faith came back, there was no need to relieve him of his suffering.

Yes! we know too, that regardless of punishments and

rewards, it is always worth while to be righteous, that as the author says; "the fear of God that is wisdom, and to depart from evil that is understanding." So in light and in darkness, in joy and in pain, in good days and in evil days, we too will declare with the sentiments of this great drama.

"What is the hope of the godless, though he get him gain,
When God taketh away his soul?"
Yet shall the righteous hold on his way,
And he that hath clean hands, grow stronger and stronger."

The Influence of the Parent on the Child.

The Talmud says "The world is saved by the breath of the (school) children." And a modern poet calls children "Idols of hearts and of households, angels of God in disguise." I do not know if you have ever tried to think what the world would be like without children—something like those seasons of perpetual twilight that we find at the poles.

"Ah, what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark be'ore,
For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with their caresses
And the gladness of their looks."

We take them without thinking as one of the necessities of life; and next to life itself, the most real of the Creator's blessings. We may say without hesitation that the most powerful of all human feelings is the love of parents for children. The Roman matron Cornelia was probably not more devoted than the average mother, but only an additional cleverness suggested her reply to the question, "Where are your jewels?" "These are my jewels," pointing to her children. We do not praise parents for loving their children—they can't help it. It is one of God's laws stamped not only in humanity, but in all living creatures. And when Solomon discovered the true mother by threatening to slay the child, he followed nature's unerring instinct.

The joy that comes with the gift of a first child can be felt but cannot be described. It transcends expression

in language. They come to us helpless, hardly conscious; and gradually before our eyes they grow into consciousness and beauty and power. Would you like the time of infancy to be shorter, or for life to begin with maturity at once? It has been pointed out that only the long period of helpless infancy has created the family. There would be no families if it were not for these tender mortals whose gradual unfolding we must guard and guide with gentleness and love. The home exists largely for them and to an extent they make it. And what is it without them—without their sunny laughter and April tears, without the light patter of their little feet that falls on our ears like music, without the infant chirpings that gradually become speech, without their playthings that we run across in all possible places—mute recorders of their presence? Even the anxiety we suffer at their ailments but deepens our joy when they are in health. There they are in all the glory of their sweetness and their innocence—and like beauty, their own excuse for being.

And yet in the triumph of possession, we must not forget that they are not really ours, in the sense of absolute ownership. They are only a charge entrusted to us, and God forbid that we should abuse the trust or neglect it. The ancients owned their children as completely as their portable property. The child was placed at the feet of the Greek father and his caprice decided whether it should live. A Roman had the power of life and death over his children. The Chinese to-day often drown their daughters as we sometimes drown superfluous kittens! When human sacrifice prevailed, the burning of children in the arms of Moloch was not uncommon. And to-day those who recoil in horror from such indications of ignorance and savagery, still believe their children to be their own to do with much as they please. Too often is

the child treated as a doll to be fondled and caressed and petted, and to be slapped sometimes when we are out of humor.

In early years and when the children are well, we perhaps think too much of the privilege and not enough of the responsibility. We postpone the less agreeable duties of training and discipline as long as possible and enter merely into the delight of possession. There is plenty of time to train them, we say. Children should be accustomed to the discipline, at least of regular habit, almost from the day of their birth. The parents who spoil their children by treating them unevenly, strict to-day and indulgent to-morrow, in the first place give themselves infinitely more trouble both in the present and for the future, and in the second place the children are not nearly as happy. It is not easy to be perfectly just with our children; even if we have the wisdom to rear them in the best way—how few of us have the self-control. Our rabbis say “It is easier to see a whole forest of olive trees grow up than to rear one child.” What is harder than to repress the rising tenderness that would clasp the little one to our arms, when we should gravely impress the lesson that the occasion calls for. We receive special preparation for nearly all undertakings and callings, but that highest and most sacred of duties the training of the children entrusted to our keeping—that is left to chance—to come of itself! How much of our education is made up of things we may possibly use and how little of some of the things about whose use there can be no doubt. Some women think a higher education thrown away if they have only just to look after their children. I know of no finer use of the intellect than that of developing the mental and moral nature of a human being, and a very fine intellect it calls for, let me tell you.

They come to us, these soft, impressionable things, and in the early formative age we can mould them to our purpose—they are clay in our hands. Here is the supreme moment to lay the everlasting foundations. Oh, to be gifted with the true wisdom to guide them aright. It is the children's age of faith. They will believe whatever you tell them. Beware that you do not trifle with that beautiful trust by telling them what is not true as far as you know it, or you will be crushing out one of the fairest blossoms of the soul. And remember always that the best lessons are taught by example. Children learn to speak by imitating those about them—no one teaches them to speak. Their education for the first six years of their lives is chiefly imitation. They will get into the habit of doing not what they are told to do, but what they see done by others. They will speak the language that you speak, coarse if it be coarse,—refined if it be refined. Your mode of life is their education, both in manners and morals. Yes, the sins of the parents are visited on the children, even to the third and fourth generation. What we do not give them by example, we give them by inheritance, transmitting our failings and our virtues with the color of our skin, even to a distant posterity.

We are apt to draw distinctions between the American and the European systems of training—for there is a difference. And there is good and evil in both. Here as always the golden mean is the safest course. Perhaps some American parents are too indulgent, and pamper their children, humoring their likes and dislikes. While the European child for the most part is given what is thought good for it and no questions asked—that or nothing, the diet is simpler, the discipline more strict. But the children are none the less happy. I think they are happier. For when an occasional indul-

gence is permitted either in a later hour to stay up or a tasty dish, or an outing—it comes with the rarity of a treat. While the children who always have what they wish—enjoy but languidly—and as young men and young women soon grow blasè. But the homely discipline of “Spartan simplicity” finds the young man with a keen enjoyment for all pleasures however simple. And the early training from the nursery, crystalized now into habit and character has taught him to restrain the gratification of his wishes within a moderate compass, and to feel too that he has a right to demand but little from the world and to be thankful for that little.

Perhaps also the American childhood is too short. The boys and girls are mimic men and women before we know it. They are too much around the adults, listening to discussions for which they are not ready and for which they are not fit; and leading the same life as their elders, admitted into all their gathering, they attain a precociousness that soon dispels the happy innocence of childhood. Speaking of Samuel, the Bible says: “And the child was a child.” Let your children be children. Let them live altogether in the fairy world of childhood—Let them mature slowly. It will tell later on in their life. Nature’s best growths are gradual, slowly ripening to a glorious and enduring perfection. John Stuart Mill’s father was so anxious that he should be a sturdy man, that he permitted him no childhood at all. He always looked back sadly to that want. It seemed to cloud his life. We notice the complete absence of sentiment in all his works, like a tree bearing fruit without coming to flower.

No, however hard your life be, don’t let the children feel it. They don’t mind coarse food and coarse clothing and cheap furniture. The differences between riches and poverty are nothing to them as long as they can play

and sing and make-believe, and enjoy a blessed liberty. Some homes are like prisons, not because of privation—they may be homes of wealth, but because the discipline is so unnecessarily harsh, on the theory, that the greater the severity the more surely will the spirit be crushed. I know of nothing more wicked than that of crushing the spirit—it is killing independence, self-reliance, dignity. Here is that other European extreme, no less dangerous than American indulgence, because it is so often followed by a reckless, pernicious reaction. We may make this a cardinal maxim—never impose a restraint purely for the sake of restraint. Don't bar the child's every step with "thou shalt nots." We can sympathize with the little girl who complained "those commandments do break so easily."

Do not mistake firmness for severity. In the punishing and rewarding of your children, it is chiefly necessary that you be consistent—that your yea be yea, and your nay be nay. This is the best way to win early both obedience and respect. Be gentle even in your punishment so that they may see the love underlying it. The Bible puts it in the best way, "My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be thou weary of His correction; for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, even as a father the child in whom he delights." Is not the father God's representative to the child? Mother is the name for God on the lips of children. Punishment in anger loses all moral force. It becomes spite and revenge, and the child is rightly outraged.

While you are not called upon to give full explanation of all your requests and prohibitions to your children, and certainly not to let them enter into an argument of the merit and wisdom of your commands, still they should see the reasonableness of all you ask them, and that they are not dictated by caprice and tyranny. This

is the only way to gain the confidence of your children and nothing is more precious than that, nor more important for their moral culture. I do not like to see a wall of reserve between parent and child. Do not fear that you will lose your children's respect, if you remove the awe of distance. A wise parent never loses the child's respect. Encourage their frankness by always showing sympathy for their small annoyances, and by taking lively interest in their games and sports and lessons and doings generally; so that entering completely into their lives they will naturally open their hearts to you, when all is not as it should be and your guidance and advice inspired by the wisdom that love itself reveals may just save them from those follies that wreck careers and spoil lives.

Of course there may be some sides to your children's natures that you can hardly be expected to know. No one human being can completely know another. You cannot therefore hope to be admitted into every experience of your children. It is well sometimes to let them alone and not to meddle too much in their affairs. Don't let them feel that they are watched and hampered. Give freedom to their mental growth. Don't ask as a parental right to be included in their every secret, and they will love you for your consideration and they will not wish to have anything unknown to you.

While working and sacrificing for your children, even beyond what duty calls for, still you may not be sufficiently considerate to them. Does this sound like a paradox? I mean we should not despise the feelings and wants of children altogether and treat them as beneath serious consideration. While not encouraging their whims, we certainly should not choke their individuality. Very often a silent rebellion is awakened in the breast of the child, in feeling its righteous needs

ignored and in being compelled to do what is violently repugnant to its nature. In spite of our larger experience we cannot completely fathom these young beings although they be our own children; their natures may be even more complex than our own, and contain depths that we have never sounded. If we can teach them, they can teach us also. Said a Jewish sage: "I have learnt much from my teachers, but most from my pupils." How often the child is father to the man. The childish imagination pictures strange scenes, absurd mostly, but sometimes full of suggestion and even bordering on philosophy. If we cannot answer their questions we should not snub them by saying "don't bother," but rejoice that your child is blessed with an inquiring mind and do all you can to encourage it.

If, then, woman goes no further than her own home, here is a glorious field to labor in to tend the physical, mental and moral growth of human souls. And to think that there are mothers who will turn over the care of their children entirely to nurses! I am glad I have not to bring this charge against Jewish mothers. I must say of them that they cannot be accused of avoiding the responsibility of home duties and of large families. They surely are not the parents who, moving in a vortex of pleasure, see their children occasionally for a few minutes, so that growing up, the children only half know them. I say this type of the cold, fashionable worldly parent is not yet found amongst us. I hope it never will be. And those Jewish parents, who, spending their youth in privation—had no opportunities for education and culture—but who are nevertheless determined that their children shall not be so handicapped, but shall have all the advantages that a liberal education can give and who slave and pinch and strive for that noble end—I can only say God bless those parents. I

do not think I am making an exaggerated statement in saying that Jewish parents are never forgetful of their duty to their children, even though they may often mistake what that duty calls for. The world can and has taught us much in the rearing of children, for it has been in recent years raised to the dignity of a science. But I think the fulness of our obligation to our offspring, the closeness of the tie binding all the members of the family together, the wickedness of family estrangements and the religious sentiment that should sanctify each step in the child's life, these I think, the Jew has taught the world.

In one of his books, Thackeray takes occasion to say: "I saw a Jewish lady yesterday with a child on her knee, from whose face toward the child there shone a sweetness so angelic that it seemed to form a sort of glory round both. I could have knelt before her and adored in her the divine beneficence . . . that has sanctified the history of mankind."

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHILD ON
THE PARENT.

The Influence of the Child on the Parent.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, hast Thou established strength, because of Thine adversaries, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." Psalms viii., 2.

In reading this verse, one may experience a silent protest, as though the case was overstated. For the power of the infant is potential rather than actual. The strength is there, but only in germ. "The child is father to the man" only as the seed is father to the fruit. Egypt was made to tremble by a little babe in an ark of bulrushes that rested among the reeds of its famous Nile; but when Moses "stilled the enemy" Pharoah, he was no longer a babe, but a man, and a very old one at that. Nor was it the "strength of babes" that induced that same Pharoah to murder the male infants of the Hebrews at birth, but only because he knew that babes can become men and men can become enemies.

But in the meantime, what is more helpless than human infancy. How very slowly the bodily organs and the spiritual faculties develop. Up to a certain time the babe does not know itself as itself, as distinct from things around it. Yet its influence is not postponed until it reaches intelligent, self-supporting maturity. The child as child is a vital factor in the lives of those around it. "Out of the mouth of babes hast Thou ordained strength" The child's first strength is its helplessness—just as woman's weakness is often her best protection. However rough and careless we may be otherwise, we are tenderness and devotion with it. And so that half-conscious dot of human life, humanizes the most brutal and disciplines the most wayward. Who

could have thought that that rough fellow could have been so gentle? The child did it. Who could have thought that that flippant girl could have become so quietly considerate and self-denying? The infant again. If woman creates the home, the child certainly completes it. It comes into the world full of wonder at all things—reminding us anew, how wonderful the world is when we were just beginning to forget it. It certainly seems more wonderful to us with that child in it,—so tiny, so weak, so unknowing—do we despise it and call it insignificant? No. Its childish deficiencies we idealize in our fondness, into childish excellencies. Its faulty articulation is to us a new beauty of speech, and we are sorry when it speaks correctly. Its weakness is delicacy and its naughtiness is roguishness—(to think of the world of difference between roguishness and roguery). Its very ignorance, which we call innocence, invests the child with a sanctity for us, and rapturously we mark its broader outlook day by day, as the opening of a soul. And oh, what a revelation it is to us. In watching it we see how language grows, how experience develops mind and memory, how facts of knowledge in the childish brain, at first partial and confused, grow clearer and fuller. And thus the bud opens in delicious beauty before our entranced eyes. All these impressions work upon us, developing our love, our humility, our gentleness, our reverence—all our finer sensibilities, as though Isaiah's angel had touched us and raised us to a higher human plane. We grow with our child, revising ourselves into improved editions.

When we begin to teach the child, it puts us through a severe examination, in which we get much the worst of it. We did not realize that we had forgotten so much, and that there was so much that we had never known. The philosopher says: "Tell us the ultimate cause of

everything;" does not the child ask the same? "Where does the rain come from?" you return a stereotyped answer—"but where do the clouds come from?" If you have never thought in your life before, they make you think. those playful little things, with their pointed questions I notice that thirst for knowledge that we had in early youth, we lose toward middle life. We grow a little tired of seeking for elusive sources, and nonchalantly give it up with, "What matters?" But the child comes to us as a fresh breeze, and its artless curiosity reawakens our own.

The possession of children makes us feel older at first, with a sense of our new responsibility—but after we are accustomed to the care of them, they make us feel more youthful. A father at forty feels younger than a bachelor at forty. There seems to be more of life before him, because there is more in life. In a sense, we grow young again with the children, coming down to their childish conceptions of things, entering into their humor, playing with them in their games of make-believe. For their sakes, we are content to live some of our childhood over again. They unbend us in spite of ourselves, and break down the wall of crabbedness and bitterness that the world's storms and the world's torments build around us. (I have always found, by the way, that the torments are harder to bear than the storms.) The children counteract many disappointments, helping us to live through them. While we are in the first throes of the stinging blow, perhaps the presence of the children with their unconscious prattle, seems to bring no comfort, seems even to be irksome; (the sunshine seems irksome in the moment of supreme misery). But, gradually, after we have brooded over our grief and given way to the first outburst, the thought of the children at hand, to come to us at our call—begins to

effect its healing, consoling influence. Yes ! "from the babes God has sent strength to quiet" the demons of passion and hate and despair within our raging breasts. The childish influence soothes and stills us like a narcotic—the storm is over—we can smile again. They do not know the miracle they have wrought, the darlings!—how it would spoil it all if they did—even as our own too vivid consciousness of the fine things we think we do, takes from them half their fragrance and their charm.

The relation between husband and wife is spiritualized after children have come to them. They feel now that the tie uniting them, at first only official and social, is now sanctified with holy mystery. They are in the presence of the secret of the universe. The link between them has gone beyond themselves and exists in a third person who unites their characters and their souls. God has put His divine sanction upon the marriage in the living offspring that follows it—the perpetual miracle of creation. How then can we, dare we, through the medium of divorce, tear asunder these sacred bonds that involve not only ourselves—but new immortal souls—the children? Such marriage cannot be divorced; it exists forever in the child, whether we will or not—for we have called upon the laws of God and nature to create everlasting witnesses to it. We cannot go back; we have burnt our bridges behind us and must fulfil our duty to the end. At least, so it has always seemed to me.

Therefore do not encourage others to marry lightly, taking into account external considerations only, but solemnly, as though divorce were not possible; for better, for worse, till death. Marriage is the union of souls not of estates.

Still, once married, however unfortunate the union may be, the presence of the child then should keep hus-

band and wife together, if from a sense of duty only. But I am sure its influence goes much further than that. The child is often the conciliator between mother and father. The care of the child especially during illness often helps to unite estranged parents where nothing else would. In the presence of the danger to the one beloved by both alike, they hush their own quarrels and reproaches as though they were sinful. Again "the babe stills the avenger and the enemy." In that one interest, dear to both, they forget themselves, and each is glad to aid the other in their devotion to the flickering child-life. And even though, alas! love should have altogether died out between them, with naught but gall and rancor left, this common sympathy will help to bring them together. It may tend even to rekindle a something of the old affection. For human feelings fluctuate, and are not the same at all times.

Parents may not often or ever be aware of the influence their children exert over them. Some parents feel the responsibility more keenly than others. Nearly all struggle industriously to provide ample means for the children against the time that they will be taken from them, and are thus made thrifty. But some go further yet, and try to be noble because of their children, keep from certain temptations and certain baseness, if only for their sakes. Even if they erroneously supposed that parental sin is not visited upon offspring, still they refrain from giving way to their worst selves out of a sense of honor towards those they love so well. Their good opinion is dearer to the parent than that of all the world. And their silent rebuke is more dreadful than public shame. For we can't be hypocrites before our own children, even if, God forbid, we wished to be, and they will always know us to be what we are, although

their love for us and their sense of filial duty will see our failings as "leaning to virtue's side."

"Out of the mouths of babes hast thou established strength." They are our teachers in many ways if we will but observe them. Watch them at play, and you will see the reflections of yourselves. There is selfishness, kindness, cruelty, forgiveness, spite, sorrow, remorse, obstinacy, pity in that little nursery world. They play with dolls and balls and wooden soldiers, and the desire to possess these things and to do certain things with them brings out nearly every human trait. Study them, and you will realize that "men are but children of a larger growth." All our schemes and tricks for posts of honor, for social distinction, for grabbing the largest slice, for overthrowing a rival, are but the children playing with the puppets on a larger scale. To Gulliver, the miniature Lilliputians with their fleet and their armies, must have seemed like so many children playing at life; while, on the other hand to the enormous Brobdingnagians, the tiny Gulliver's talk of his own government, their laws and their social customs, must have seemed a joke not worthy serious consideration. You cannot despise the children without despising yourselves. And when I have watched politicians scrambling for a senatorship or a judgeship, I have thought of boys scrambling for a top. What is there superior in women quarreling over petty personalities and petty preferences to little girls spitefully fighting over their dolls? Looking back at past history, at the wars of kings for affairs of "honor," for territory, or diplomatic slight, is it not as contemptible as the sham-fighting between the wooden soldiers on the toy-box? With these differences—first, that the adult children at least were old enough to know better, and secondly, that the children's toy war does no harm. But the monarchs who make men their pawns do not hesitate to sacrifice them in their larger game.

Let us be wise enough to learn the life lessons our children are daily teaching us. Let us humbly sit at their feet sometimes, and take to heart the warnings that God sends us through these tender little messengers. Let them teach us to be more manly, more womanly. Let us have done with cramping pettiness, and leaving to the children all shallow toys, all whims and fancies, let us rise and busy ourselves with earnest work more worthy of our matured experience.

We are all children in the sight of God. In His larger vision, all our penetration is obscurity and haze. In His infinite purpose, all our plans seem small and insufficient. In His eternal wisdom, all our vaunted knowledge seems but as the prattle of a little child. Be humble, then.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength." Children help to equalize the social distinctions of life. They come alike to the teneament and the palace. There is no monopoly here. We are all on one level. Wealth, station, culture, have here no privileges. The humblest housewife with her child is a queen to be envied; the queen, without one, is a forlorn woman to be pitied. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." And fondling our children, tending them, suffering for them and rejoicing with them, we are one humanity. Thus children are the true levellers, teaching not a vulgar, but a noble equality between us all.

"Out of the mouth of babes hast thou founded strength because of thine enemies." Who are God's enemies, and in what way can the infant strength overthrow them? God's enemies are His deniers, but the child is God's witness. I need no further arguments to prove to me God's existence. Shut up your books of wordy evidence; look at the child—that is evidence enough.

Atheism may loudly shout its defiance ; that child there silences it. It has come out of the infinite into the definite. It is almost the visible presence of God, and if we have never learned to worship, surely the gift of a child should be sufficient inspiration. If the heavens declare the glory of God, then the child declares the love of God.

But the atheists are not the only enemies of God, nor the worst. They deny God in their arguments, but some deny God in their lives. The former do not believe in God, but the latter do not act God ; they are not godly. Such are the adversaries of the Eternal. Can the child silence them ? Perhaps, it can. A child can sometimes reform a life, as a little infant reformed the life of Amos Barton, and changed it from its sour hardness to soft humanness again. The child Isaac taught Abraham that human sacrifice must be sinful. It was a glorious revelation of God through the boy. We cannot attempt to give the record of all these little ministers who have done God's work on earth, by ennobling the heart of man. Some ancient barbarians prayed for sons, that they might live after them to revenge their enemies ; but many generations of children have softened these feelings, and men hope for sons and daughters "to still the avenger," to perpetuate among mankind the best they inherit, taking it down to the ages.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

“The Sins of the Fathers.”

The first time you read the latter portion of the Second Commandment, it may strike you as stern and discouraging. “Visiting the iniquity of the parents upon the children, even unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me, but showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My Commandments.”

Why should the children suffer for the errors of their ancestors, and is it actually the case? Yes, it is. We inherit our parents' sins with their features and the color of their hair. They give us their passions and their vices as well as their wealth and estates. Their reputation is our legacy for good or for evil. We share their name and with it the conditions that the name has earned.

Yet look at it from the side of the parent. You are a father and you love your children with a depth of devotion that hesitates at no sacrifice. You rejoice to suffer and to strive that they may know no care; and dear as your desire for your own success is, their's is equally dear to your heart. Now think of it, if, as a young man you are self-indulgent, and careless, if you lead a fast wanton, reckless career, you hand down to the children that come to you later, your broken constitution and delicate health. Perhaps even your grandchildren, born after you are dead, may be consumptive because of your excesses. With that consequence before you, will you not pause well before sinning? Will not every act of yours be now freighted with a responsibility that compels you to live and act as though a hundred lives depended upon yours? And they do. Our sins outlive us to fall upon the heads of those we love most. 'Tis a

dreadful penalty—none more dreadful. Yet we would not have it otherwise. We thank God that He has made us as He has, linking our lives with others, making us responsible creatures; thus giving to duty a new inducement, and to evil, a new horror. 'Tis elevating to our dignity that our deeds should mean so much. It reminds us of our kinship with God.

Forget not, too, the other side "showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My Commandments." The good we do is also registered in our offspring and perpetuated in distant posterity. It is even farther-reaching than evil for that descends "to the third and fourth generation," while godliness extendeth "unto thousands." Never was Shakespeare more unjust than when he said:

"The evil that men do, live after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

If Louis XIV'S vices caused his great-grandson, Louis XVI, to lose his head, Jochanan ben Zackhi's unselfish zeal in asking of Rome, a religious school for his people instead of honors for himself, bore its good fruit in every later generation. Yes, the result of his goodness is with us still, if our existence to-day as a distinct religious individuality, be deemed a benefit and a boon. That Adam's sin cursed mankind to all eternity, is but an imaginary conception, but that Abraham's godliness brought blessing to all the families of the earth by teaching them spiritual divinity, we may broadly accept as a truth.

I will go further, and on the basis of the Second Commandment, declare that goodness is never lost, but is immortal. The world to-day is living on the goodness of bygone men and women. The product of their brains and their hearts, their struggles and their martyrdoms for freedom, for education, for purity, for justice, we are

enjoying now. Say the Rabbins, "all Israel should consider that it stood at Sinai." All Israel enjoys the vital helpfulness of its commands. The good wrought by Micali, by Hillel, by Socrates, by Lincoln, is not yet exhausted—it never will be. The concentrated essence of past virtue, past kindness, past love is a perennial fount nourishing the children of endless ages.

The good are with us still.

"In pulses stirred to generosity

In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars."

Their worth becomes,

"The cup of strength in some great agony, enkindles generous ardor.

"And is the sweet presence of a good diffused."

If I said that the spread of evil beyond the evil-doer is the severest form of punishment, surely the perpetuation of good is most glorious reward. Right becomes doubly worth achieving, since it is to yield everlasting interest to be enjoyed by future generations.

But now a thousand years after Moses, the prophet Ezekiel made this startling declaration :

"What mean you that you use this proverb: The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge? Use it no more. The soul that sinneth it shall die. But if a man be just and do that which is lawful and right—he shall surely live. If a man beget a son that seeth all his father's sin, yet doeth not such like, he shall not die for the iniquity of his father—he shall surely live. The son shall not bear the sin of the father, neither shall the father bear the sin of the son; the soul that sinneth it shall die." This certainly reads like a blunt renunciation of the Second Commandment.

Ezekiel's reasoning seems very reasonable. It at once appeals to our common sense. Yet we have also shown the profound truth that the Mosaic principle bears. Yet can two statements that are contradictory, both be right?

Are they contradictory? May they not both be different phases of a larger truth? I do not think Ezekiel wished to contradict the Law in this instance. I think he wished to remove a mistake that arose from a too literal interpretation of the Commandment. There was a cry for individuality and personal responsibility in his day. The individual wished to be heard and not to be lost in the community. He did not want to feel that the sins of his ancestors made his own salvation hopeless, or that he must go through life bearing the burden of their wrong.

If Moses, the Lawgiver was right, Ezekiel the prophet was right too. We do not put one man in prison for another man's crime. Christianity's doctrine of "vicarious atonement" has always been repugnant not only to Judaism, but to practical Law; and Moses' offer to die for Israel's sin with the Golden Calf was rejected on the ground of personal accountability for sin.

What is the whole truth? The mistakes of the parent do handicap the children, but do not absolutely condemn them. And if in spite of bad parental example and inherited vice, they can by individual struggle overcome the lower self, the greater is their merit and the more ready is the world to recognize it. That is why so many of you deserve praise, who born to poverty have acquired opulence—bred in ignorance, have gained knowledge. Much depends on what we inherit from parents and ancestry, but not everything. We are free agents. Do not then for a moment excuse your faults on the plea of inherited traits, or throw the responsibility of your viciousness on the shoulders of those gone before.

Sometimes ancestral disadvantages react in our favor, as privation often develops sterling qualities. The awful example of a bad father may fill the child with such horror, that from this specific sin at least, it will

flee in terror. In this way many children of drunkards become teetotallers. Then again the same trait inherited in a milder form, becomes a something else. We may modify an inherited obstinacy into firmness, an inherited weakness into gentleness, inherited severity into exactness. We can do so much with ourselves, if we will but try. Our qualities and failings are not iron-cast; they are plastic and may be moulded. If we determined not to improve on our parents, the world would never grow wiser or better.

There are but too many, unfortunately, who fall even below the example that a pious mother and father have set them, who suppress the goodness they have inherited, who modify inherited dignity into vanity and inherited justice into harshness. Thus we see the sad sight of the scapegrace son of an honored father, or the flighty girl, who, early trained in the way she should go, when of age deliberately departs from it. It pains me to see a new generation springing up vain, shallow and self-indulgent—a sad falling off from the rugged simplicity of their parents—young people who, because they have a glib tongue and a certain veneer of polish, think themselves superior to their parents, those pure-hearted, faithful souls. If these flippant creatures but knew that they are not fit to touch the hem of the garments of their parents, for, old-fashioned and narrow though they may be, they are staunch and loyal and tender all through.

It is sad to see the lesson of a noble life wasted on thoughtless, selfish children, who, instead of appreciating the sacrifices daily made for them, and learning to be come considerate in return, take these sacrifices as matter of course, as something due them—their right—and tyrannize over their parents if they do not slave to supply their luxuries.

It may be hard that the sins of the parents should be visited on the children, but it is harder that the virtues of the parents should be lost upon the children. Do we not daily see people deliberately debase themselves, with righteousness in the persons of their parents standing perpetually before them? See them go from the home of sanctity to the haunt of vice, thus bringing the fair name they inherit—won through a hard struggle—down into the dust, and bowing with shame and bitterness the hoary head of a sterling father and a devoted mother in their mad pursuit of disgusting, degrading revelries!

Is this not reversing the law that the command and Nature herself teaches, and visiting the sins of guilty children upon innocent parents?

Let us advance a step further in the complex moral problem presented by the Second Commandment.

We fall into the habit of talking of "the good" and "the bad" as though a sharp wall of distinction separated the one class from the other. Now, we know very well that in real life such is not the case. Who are the wicked, whose sins go down to a third and fourth generation? Who are the righteous, whose good extendeth unto thousands? "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," says Ezekiel. Can you say, can I, in whom sin preponderates, so that, tested in the balance, the evil outweighing the good, he would be found wanting? We all flatter ourselves that we are fairly good, and it can be easily seen how we come to form a favorable opinion of ourselves.

We grow accustomed to that which is always with us, learn to tolerate it, and even to like it. Now, we are always with ourselves. For this reason, most people approve of themselves, however detestable they may be to everybody else. They pet and fondle their failings, until they almost look like virtues. Then, again, they

set their good points over against their bad points. One will soliloquize to himself, "I may not be truthful, but then, see how benevolent I am!" and so, on the strength of his benevolence, he continues lying. Another condones his want of consideration for the poor and unfortunate by his unfailing fidelity to his family; another makes his industry do penance for his lust. As against this, let me formulate this maxim: To acquiesce in our bad qualities on the strength of our good qualities is fatal to all improvement. Your vice must stand alone in all its hideousness; it is no more lessened or compensated or atoned for by an amiable quality, than a man who is overeating himself in one place can compensate for one who is starving somewhere else. You stand before God in your sinfulness and in your virtue, and if you wish to make that virtue a sort of moral bank account on which you can draw for your evil doings, then I say that that very virtue becomes a kind of evil. You taint your nobler side if it serve to encourage your infamous side. Better no amiable traits if they be but used as excuses for the continuance of vices. We don't want men who are generous, but unprincipled; we don't want women who are affectionate, but treacherous. We want good men and women, not moral monstrosities.

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation."

Now, one of the doctrines of sentiment of Judaism teaches: "All Israel are responsible one for the other." We Hebrews are but an enlarged family. We suffer for the sins of our Israelitic ancestors, and we enjoy their merits. In many of the prayers of our Ritual we ask forgiveness for the sake of the virtues of "the fathers."

We keenly recognize how closely our reputation is bound up with that of our co-religionists. If a Jew disgraces himself, our cheeks burn with shame; if a Jew

distinguishes himself, our hearts kindle with pride. One black sheep injures the reputation of all of us. One Emma Lazarus raises the world's respect for the whole race. Is not, then, one's responsibility as Jew almost as great as his responsibility as father? Our people as well as our children have to bear our sins. We know that many a Gentile will condemn every Israelite on the globe, because the solitary Israelite he met was vulgar or dishonest. If you care for your fellow-Hebrews then, look to your character and your manners. Be a gentleman, be a lady, in the noblest sense in which these words are understood, for their sakes as well as for your own, and strive by your individual worth to force the world's esteem for the Jew.

We are members of the human race as well as of the Jewish race. Need I remind you of your accountability to mankind? Need I remind you of the influence of example? A stone dropped in the water creates a circular ripple, followed by another circle larger in size but fainter in form, and the series of circles continue to grow larger but fainter, until the surface of the water is quiet once more. Each deed, worthy or unworthy, is as a stone dropped in the depths of society, that immediately creates a ripple of influence within the circle of its nearest surroundings, and the impression is felt at a greater radius of distance in place and time, though in a fainter degree, and, growing fainter as it reaches further, the effect finally dies out. But it is scientifically claimed that though imperceptible to our eyes that series of ripples on the surface of the water caused by the falling stone continue perpetually until stopped by counteracting influences. Can we say how far the consequences of our deeds reach, or where they end, if they ever do? Can we trace the intricate results of our actions upon the actions and the circumstances and the characters of

others, and then trace the further results of those changes upon new actions and new character? Divinity alone can take up the tangled thread of perpetually interwoven human influences. But, on the same principle, we can readily understand how a city could be saved by ten righteous men—by the gradual extension of their influence. We are each of us one of the ten—one of the ten that save it, or one of the ten that destroy it. One of ten that injures it, even to its third and its fourth generation, one of the ten that helps it for a thousand generations—which will you be?

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MICAH'S CREED—I.

Micah's Creed.

I. JUSTICE AND KINDNESS.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before Him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams or with ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body, for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee O man what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God. Micah vi, 68-.

Micah states his conclusion in the form of a self-evident truth. As such, certainly, it appeals to us. But in the days of the prophet it was by no means such an accepted truism as he tries to present it. Although he declares "it hath been shown thee, O man," the conviction had not yet struck home. "Burnt-offerings and calves of a year old" were still regarded as the prime features of worship. The popular conception of Jehovah was still that of an earthly king and an Eastern despot at that, who must be approached with substantial presents if his wrath is to be appeased, and who would often impose cruel exactions as the condition of his favor.

"What doth the Lord require of thee but to be just, kind and humble." Micah does not intend here to give us a complete summary of religious duties. It is but a hasty generalization in which we detect an implied reproach, "What does God require of man—nothing—for Himself; to Him everything belongs." "Be just and kind to your fellowmen, that's all He wants." Righteousness to man sums up obligation to God. The old-fashioned catechisms divide duty into two parts—duty to God and duty to man. I do not think these two can

be separated, and it is unfortunate that it was ever attempted. It has led in the first place to the division into religion and ethics of what should always have an inseparable whole. It has encouraged the fallacy that the ceremonies of the sanctuary and the dogmas of theology were distinct from, and occasionally even opposed to the duties of humanity. "Shall I bring the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul," asks Micah? The sacrifice of the children to Moloch and to other heathen divinities was a religious behest, commanded by the priests of Baal. This awful temptation of their surroundings was a perpetual menace to Israel. And in spite of the burning protests of the later prophets against the unnatural and revolting rite, some yielded to this cruel example. Even the doctrine of vicarious atonement—the belief that the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth atoned for the sins of man, is really a remnant of the old superstition, "How to get rid of sin," how to compensate for it, was the bugbear of scholastic theology for centuries.

Micah answers his own question in a thunderous "No! He hath told thee, O man, what is good," indicating first, that animal and human sacrifice are *not* good, and indicating secondly that what Israel's God requires must be good. Where had it been told? At Sinai. "Thow shalt not murder nor commit adultery, nor steal, nor bear false witness, nor covet." *This* is what God requires of us—love justice, kindness, humility. A declaration such as this so completely appeals to our highest wisdom and our noblest ideals, that it seems almost like religion's last word. And perhaps it is. The prophets of the 8th and 7th centuries reached the high water mark of moral teaching. Their standard of duty is an unattained ideal still. There are no new religious truths to teach. Ah—we could but live up to the old!

"To do justice, to love kindness and to walk humbly with thy God." "To do justice." It is said that justice is blind and in the sense of being impartial, seeing neither party, friend, interest nor appearance, this is true. But in no other sense, for justice must have her eyes open and her ears too, she must have all her senses on the alert. It is not easy to be entirely just, even when we wish to be. We cannot be just without wisdom: justice will grow as the world becomes wiser. To give to each his due, we must first know what his due is. This is not easy. We have been centuries trying to find out what we owe to each other. Have we for instance been just to women? To be just to others we must not merely consider tangible things—for they are the least in life. We are not just to woman if we hamper her, if we restrict her liberties, if we refuse to give free play and full opportunity to the expansion of her brain and her soul. This we have not done in the past. This we are only beginning to do now.

Have we fulfilled our obligations to our children? Do not forget that we may be generous and yet not just. We may lavish bounties upon them and yet not be just to them, in not permitting them to develop their own individuality. It is natural that parents should wish their children to accept all things in the light in which they do and to conform to their ideas, but is not always right. Remember they are distinct from us with different personalities. We cannot always measure the depths of their nature. We dare not tyrannically suppress or ignore their yearnings. It is the soul crying for light and air. Nor need it make us sad that we cannot understand them, or that they go a different way, provided it be a good way. Rejoice in their higher growth, in their righteous independence, and thank God that He has permitted you, the old stock, to bear so fair a blossom.

We talk a good deal of our duties to the lower working classes; and since their supply of worldly goods is small, and their battle for life fiercer, it is certainly our duty to ask whether it is just that we should have so much, and they so little. And although equality, even of substance, is one of those delusions that sensible people have long given up, and although, too, happiness does not vary precisely with income, still we should see to it rigidly, that in the pursuit of our avocation, we are unjustly depriving no man. But what I am also anxious to point out is that something is owed to the higher classes too, by those standing at the other social extreme. There is no justification for speaking of them with contempt, as though they were good for nothing, or with indignation as though they were little better than criminals. Coming down to sober truth they are simply guilty of being successful: they stand where those who condemn them would stand if they had a chance. People do not necessarily become wealthy because they are selfish any more than people always become poor because they are shiftless. The idle and selfish are found indiscriminately among both classes. If it be bitterly said that poverty has been called a crime, bear in mind wealth has been considered a crime too—a crime worthy of death thought the French peasantry of the last century, and the anarchists of this. Declares the Bible of our neighbors “it is harder for a rich man to enter Heaven than for a camel to enter the eye of a needle.”* I think it is important that we should teach the poor to be just to the rich, just because the duty is not so evident, and is usually ignored.

Indeed we are every one of us too hasty, in our whole-

* “Eye of a needle” is explained to-day as the side, smaller entrance for passengers, which the camel at times tried in vain to enter.

sale condemnations of certain classes. We censure the corruption of the politician and the lewdness of the actress, but we do not always consider their temptations. A good old proverb reminds us to "give even the devil his due." We condemn the criminal class in one sweeping denunciation, ignoring inherited viciousness, depraved environment and the host of conditions that decide tendencies. We are seldom just to our friends or our enemies, partial towards the former, prejudiced against the latter. We excuse those we love much too easily, and give amiable names to their weaknesses. We ascribe bad motives to the most innocent actions of those we don't like; we see snare and design in all they say; we give them credit for no disinterested good. Malice is a bad historian. Judaism has never asked you to "love your enemies," but, oh ! if you could but be just to them.

"Do justice." Yes grudgingly we do. Nations grant each other justice at the cannon's mouth, under the moral persuasion of gunpowder. Some grant justice when they can withhold it no longer, when they hear an official rap upon their doors, "open in the name of the law." Bolts and bars and police have to make up for the deficiency of justice in some of us. Our due is not always given, at times it has to be wrested. Many respect not the law, but the organized power that is behind to enforce it.

Yet for the justification of human nature let me add that not a few have to be reminded to be just to themselves. I spoke of parents being unjust to their children. This is much less usual than the uncomplaining self-sacrifice of the parent, that wears itself out in ministering to their needs. Often I feel inclined to say to a parent, stop, you are needlessly yielding up your vitality in your devotion to your children, when perhaps they would

become more reliant, if made to depend on themselves. You owe something to yourselves. It was never intended that care of children should be a slavery; the nervous system can only bear a certain tension and then it snaps.

We are often too easy with our employe's, forgiving where we should punish. We call it mercy—it is oftener weakness. Don't forget that to let a fault pass is always easier than to bring it to justice, and that indolence is at the bottom of much of our forgiveness. A mistaken weakness will lead a housewife to give a "character" to an unreliable discharged domestic, and thus endanger another household.

What doth the Lord require of thee, asks Micah? Nothing but to do justice—Nothing but—what a little all, that is. Abraham at the gate of Sodom asks "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do justice?" Yes, "He, the Rock, His work is just." But can we say this of any of our work? Is not justice one of the faces of that many-sided perfection that is attained only in Divinity!

"To love kindness" is the prophet's next condition. Kindness is easier than justice. Justice has exact limits, to go beyond them is to transgress it. Kindness is an indefinite realm and we may wander where we please. Justice needs sterling characters to fulfill its rigid requirements, kindness admits of that broad latitude that brings its performance within the capacity of most natures.

And now what is kindness? Derivations help us sometimes to get at the heart of words. It is of the same root as kin, which means relationship. Be kind to all. Treat them as though a tie of blood united you to them. All mankind should be a brotherhood. One touch of nature—one common experience makes the whole world kin, i. e. reminds us of our kinship. Not all recognize duties

even to their actual relatives. The greatest bitterness oft exists between the nearest kin. Cain is not the only one who asks "Am I my brother's keeper?" A cynic sarcastically congratulates us if we have no relatives. That is but a passing mood. Our hearts would grow numb unless some living affections were enshrined there to keep them warm. The heart craves love as the body craves food, and finding none in the home will go forth to other homes or even to the homeless, and claim kinship with them by showing them kindness.

"Do justice," but some need more than justice. At times we must measure what we should do for others, not by our obligations, but by their need. In the highest sense we owe to others what we can do for them and what they are in want of. We should rejoice to think that we can be helpful—we should "*love* kindness." Notice the distinction, *do* justice, but *love* kindness. Within certain limits we are compelled to do justice, the law may command it. But who dare demand kindness of us! When granted on demand it ceases to be kindness—it is something else. Money is not kindness although it pay the rent of the poor; clothing is not kindness, although it protect them. Kindliness is a disposition of friendliness towards others. It may not always take the tangible form of gifts or bread. "Not by bread alone doth man live." The milk of human kindness is not a physical nutriment. "Behold I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread nor a thirst for water." Kindness—immediately we think of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Is that all the human heart wants, the bodily needs of the beasts of the field? The well-to-do need kindness at times as urgently as the distressed. There are dark moments when a word of kindness, a silent hand pressure will save a soul from despair and a heart from breaking. Think not con-

temptuously of the kindness that is sympathy, when really heart speaks to heart, and soul is knit to soul.

Be not chary of your words when there is feeling behind them. Get into the habit of expressing the kind thoughts that pass through your brain to those about you—wife and children and servants and persons you meet. We know that “words like nature half reveal and half conceal the thought within.” Yet a broken effort should be made to express the tenderness and goodwill that wells up in the heart. Why need it go unrecorded and unenjoyed like “the rose that blushes unseen” and “the myrtle in the desert.” And if you think a man in public life has done well, has earned your admiration by fearlessness and integrity, write and tell him so. It will help him to further good, never mind how great he is or how small you are.

We all prefer to meet people whose manners are kindly and whose dispositions are amiable,—to those gruff and curt. And yet here a word of warning is necessary. When actual help is needed and you are called upon, and not wishing to say anything unpleasant or have the applicant feel ill-disposed to you—you may receive the person smilingly, utter some stereotyped form of encouragement and bow him out with parting good-will, but with no intention of putting yourself out for him one bit. I say a thousand times rather give the rebuff, make it as brutal as you please. Brutality is easier to bear than humbug. Many persons don't like to say unpleasant things because they are always more troublesome and more disagreeable to say than pleasant things. They are most affable, these people who won't turn a finger to help you, who may even injure your reputation by an innuendo here and there—smiling all the time and presenting all the externals of kindness. But we have

long ago learned that one may "smile and smile and be a villain."

How a good word from a good man is treasured through the ages. That phrase of Micah, "loving kindness," has been compressed into one word "loving-kindness," making it a distinct quality. Let us always keep them united—that is, let us never separate affection from good deeds, but follow up the kind feeling with kind action.

MICAH'S CREED--II.

Micah's Creed.

II.—“WALKING HUMBLY WITH GOD.”

“What doth God require of thee, nothing but to do justice, to love kindness and to walk humbly with thy God.” The duties of justice and kindness are clear enough, but what does “walking humbly with God” mean? This phrase like so many Bible expressions may perhaps be classed with those sentences that cannot be explained—they must be felt. If we are in sympathy with the writer they are revelations, if not voluminous commentary will fail to satisfy. Language is like a key that put in the lock that fits it, will immediately open the receptacle, but is nearly always useless for other locks. The thoughts of one brain will fit the thoughts of a certain other brain, and new light will flash from the union. So we are not all helped by the same books; Darwin saw nothing in Shakespeare. Still there are many interpreters who can translate the feelings and expressions of one into the feelings and expressions of another. Every teacher ought to be an interpreter. And I think we should all of us strive to put ourselves in touch with the world's best writers and not give them up at once with the excuse that we belong to different realms of thought. We are all made in God's image and that Divine kinship should remind us that in trying to understand others we are aided in understanding ourselves.

“To walk humbly with God.” Perhaps if we first look at humility in all its bearings we may be better prepared to comprehend this special application. Uriah Heep cringing before everybody and reminding them

that he was so "very 'umble," fills us with such abhorrence, that in the reaction we almost welcome an aggressive man. Wicked people always bring good words into discredit, and after Guiteau took shelter behind the word—inspiration, when he brutally shot President Garfield, it was a long time before we felt like taking the word up again. I know that even some so-called atheists were really deists, who disclaimed the term—God, because they thought it had been abused by the ignorant and by the hypocritical.

But even if Dickens' famous character had been sincere in his subserviency, he would have been almost as disgusting. Nothing is more revolting to manly men and womanly women than servility or self-abasement. We ought never to preach the doctrine of turning the cheek to the smiter. I do not say this because this text occurs in the New Testament, for it is really an echo of rabbinic teaching like so much that that book contains. The submission of the Mohammedans, which is an outgrowth of their fatalism,^e is an unfortunate trait. Humility is not self-depreciation, although the Greeks always used it in that sense; nor is it diffidence, nor is it lack of confidence in one's own abilities; and if any of you have these failings, don't forget that they *are* failings, that you should discourage them, for they stand in the way of success. Humility is rather just estimation than under-estimation of one's self. No one can come to a sober valuation of himself compared with the greatness that there has been and is, and, aware of his own weaknesses—be anything but humble. I am quite sure that Newton knew the full value of his discoveries, when he said that he had "picked up but a few pebbles on the coast while the vast ocean of knowledge was still unexplored"—none better. But his standard was high. Intellectual humility is therefore a common experience

among scholars. The higher we rise among the realms of the learned, the less assertive do we find them, they claim little. They are less sure with their many resources than we are with our few. They have unknowingly followed the injunction of the rabbis and taught their tongue to say "I don't know."

Of course, we must carefully distinguish between the external manner of humility and the actual feeling. Society offers us certain conventional phrases of self-disparagement that mean nothing and deceive nobody. Self-praise is considered bad form, and hence on grounds of social etiquette alone, people refrain from spoken approval of their own doings. Yet in their secret heart they may hold an exaggerated opinion of themselves. When one says "I have done my best in my humble way," he does not wish to be interpreted too literally. Nothing would disappoint some persons more than to take them at their own stated valuation.

Not that self-depreciation even in words is popular to-day, nor have we a right to ascribe the change to greater sincerity. We seem to be living in an age that has lost its modesty, and no longer hesitates as did, I think the last generation before declaring its own importance. People unblushingly reminds us of what they have done; they write their achievements in large capitals. They do not hide their light under a bushel, but advertise themselves as though they were soap. Said John Howard, the man who did more for the convict than any other human being: "Let there be no pomp at my funeral; put a sun-dial on my grave and let me be forgotten." Such is not the spirit of the present age.

The quiet unostentatious worker, the man of solid but not of florid attainments, that rare few who work for good and not for glory, those old-fashioned people who are of sterling worth, but neglect to tell us so—they are

left far behind. We are all to blame. We encourage people to recite their merits and praise them for it. We do not lovingly seek out the good, who humbly withdraw from the public gaze, but leave them to pass away in obscurity. Perhaps when they are dead, their steadfast fidelity and splendid attainments dawn upon us as they begin to be missed, and a little compunction strikes us as we pay our tribute all too late. But the thought of them is soon drowned in the noisy self-assertion of the upstart sensationalist, who sends heralds ahead to announce his coming, like a circus show, and who personally superintends the manufacture of his own halo. What matters it if "all that glitters is not gold," if it only pass for gold.

It is Æsop who tells us that a fly sitting upon the axle of a chariot wheel said: "See what a dust I raise." How many conceitedly point to themselves as the cause of certain fortunate conditions, that propitious circumstance may have brought about. For causes and results are slippery things and we can never be sure in connecting them. How few have the heroic discipline, humbly to declare even to themselves that they are not indispensable, that the same results would have been accomplished by others, that they owe as much to chance as to merit, that they are not more industrious, more self-denying more faithful than millions who stand immeasurably below them in the world's esteem. And yet how true it is! Who are the great, who are the small? You talk of your inferiors—what do you mean? The man whose grandfather *didn't* make a fortune by an unforeseen rise in real estate; the man who lacks your faculty of speech, but who has a heart of gold and is one of nature's noblemen? Before we dare say that one is the superior of the other, we must measure them in *all* their dimensions, not in one. A man may be a giant intellectually

and a pigmy morally, like Bacon, "wisest and meanest of mankind." Don't boast of your possessions or your external dignity, but humbly thank God that all has gone so well with you—better perhaps than you deserved. A Roman triumvir in the meridian of his glory had a servant standing behind his chair, who from time to time declared "Memento te esse hominem." In the intoxication of glory at some grand success, we are tempted to forget it. Unlike the Sicilian prince who ate from an earthenware plate, to remind himself that he was once a potter, we put the humble past for ever out of sight.

"Walk humbly with God." I have dwelt more on intellectual humility than on moral humility, though it is always moral fundamentally. Still, we have not yet looked at it from its religious aspect. The rabbins say that a proud man is an idolator, and we perhaps echo a something of that thought to-day, when we define religion as our humble recognition of our own weakness, and our acknowledgment of a Higher Power, who is in fullest perfection what we are in such a very small degree. So piety and humility are often associated. With thoughts directed toward God, the comparison of man with his Maker must crush at once all pretension as absurd. We disclaim our vain superiority as petty in the presence of Him who is so far above us all, and before whose Infinite greatness our finite differences of high and low are altogether lost. "Oh, Lord," said Abraham, "can I presume to speak to Thee; I am but dust and ashes?" Even in the presence of scholars we feel our littleness, and shrink abashed to the background, glad of the privilege of listening silently to their wisdom. Just a little before, perhaps, we were moving among a throng who knew less than we. How big we thought we were, and how we lorded it over

them! Look up to the stars, and their immeasurable distance will give a faint suggestion of the magnitude of space, and what a tiny speck are you and your estates, and what a drop in the ocean of time is your short life! Does not that make you feel humble—not discouragingly humble, but reverently humble? "Oh Lord, when I consider the heavens the work of Thy hands, what is man that Thou shouldst think of him?"

Should we, then, feel shamed to the very dust? By no means. Religion, having first taught man to realize humbly his own deficiencies, whispers to him of the possibilities within him. Religion inspires true dignity. Therefore, that very Psalm I have just quoted having begun, "What is man," continues: "Yet Thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crownst him with glory and honor." I like to see that union of humility and sturdiness, humble in its quiet unpretentiousness, yet invincible as a rock in rigid adherence to moral right; gentle and yet firm, unflinchingly bearing whatever slings and arrows fidelity to conviction may entail, yet making no fuss, calling no audience to witness his honesty, sending no account of his achievements to the morning papers, but still comforted and upheld with the sweet assurance that He who seeth the evil and the good will not forget His servants.

I am getting very near to my text now—"Walking humbly with God." How can we walk with God? This phrase is a familiar figure of speech in the Bible. "The path of right," "the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous," "walk not in wicked counsel." Again, God is represented as saying to Abraham: "Walk before Me, and be thou perfect." In that long genealogical table from Adam to Noah, of men who lived fabulous ages, we are told a single fact of just one of them—Enoch—that "he walked with God." Be-

cause of that solitary epitaph, fancy has woven many a pretty legend around his name. What, then, is the meaning hidden in this metaphor, "walking with God?" The prophet Amos asks: "Shall two walk together unless they be agreed?" God is our everlasting standard of changeless perfection. God cannot go our way, but we can go God's way; we can direct our life in line with His spirit. God must be our ideal, and we must define an imaginary line between ourselves and our ideal, and let no diverting temptation draw us from that narrow path of right that leads from man to his Maker.

We must learn to walk *with* God, and not go against Him. We must be very cautious that, in following God, we are not following some will-o'-the-wisp that may land us in the mire, or some mirage that may mock us with its illusive beauty, only to vanish into shadowy nothing as we approach it, leaving us deceived and abandoned. In other words, we must not too easily satisfy ourselves that we are religious 'or that we are dutiful. We may start out to walk with God, and then become so absorbed in ourselves that we imperceptibly drift away, and find that we have lost Him. Often in a strange country, when we think we are walking parallel to an unseen path and will come out to a familiar point, we may be slightly veering in a different course, so that each step takes us further away from our destination. The bad way looks so much like the good way at certain places, that only by close scrutiny can we tell the difference. I have seen selfishness mistaken for piety; cruel spite for religious zeal; idolatry for godliness. It is not easy to walk with God to keep step with the Unseen. A keenly sensitive conscience, a vigilant moral sense, can alone assure us of our Divine companionship.

But we must walk *humbly* with God. I have just said

we cannot see Him, nor can we always understand His ways. They often seem to us hard and bitter. It is not easy to submit humbly to the chastening of the Lord, and to feel assured that whom He loveth He chasteneth. How many in the presence of calamity can humbly bow their heads, and while the tears are flowing fast, say, "The Lord knoweth best. We have no right to question the wisdom or the justice of His decrees," and, like Aaron, stand in the silence of submission? Oh, that we could all learn to acquire the humility that is patience, the humility that is resignation, the humility that is faith! They are all subtle forms of strength and help us to bear the burdens of life.

Let us not rebel against the vicissitudes of our lot whatever they may be, but school our spirit to serve God even in the darkness—walking His way, even though it be a hard way, humbly and silently trusting His leadership, pausing not even in the perilous passes, knowing that "His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace."

"Hush!" said Moses; "and see the salvation of the Lord." How dare we murmur at decrees of which we see but fragments, the beginning and the end being lost in mystery? We do not even know enough to call them decrees. We get occasional glimpses of vastness in momentary flashes of light. Let our ignorance teach us humility, even while our knowledge teaches us belief. Let us be the children of God, and, like children, unquestionably trust Him, feeling that His love will protect us from all danger. Let us walk humbly with God. Oh, for the sweet confidence that can say: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me!" Amen.

THE OLDNESS OF THE NEW.

The Oldness of the New.

Among the different cries to which this age is giving voice, one that seems to be raised above the others, is the cry for the new in all things. Its refrain is—"We have had enough of the old, of the past. It is time we swept away these cobwebs of tradition, we have had enough of ancient precedent and authority of the ages. Let us shake off the shackles of antiquity, of old beliefs that we do not accept of old theories, that we do not share, of old religions that have outlived their truth—cast them into the waste-basket of things worn out and rejected; and then let us have a brand new religion on brand new principles, a new departure that will voice the needs of the present hour.

But is the new so very new? There is a stubborn bit of philosophy in the Bible that we cannot somehow get rid of, reminding us that "there is nothing new under the sun!" That which we call new is nothing more than a fresh coat of paint, or a changed dress, or, at most, a different arrangement of the old materials. The historian points to one isolated instance of a period known as Renaissance when all the so-called new inventions of the sixteenth century were nothing more than revivals of inventions made and forgotten two thousand years before. But I believe that all history is renaissance, and not merely one of its chapters. It is all repetition, revival, rehabilitation, not only in its inventions and arts, but in its social movements, its ideas, its epics, its enterprise. The "world" seems to move in a circle as well as the earth. We are but turning our ancestors' garments, in a manner, it is true, "warranted to look

like new," and only when we rip them open, do they show the well-worn merits of earlier generations.

What is there so new in our religious reforms—is it the giving up of the literal interpretation of the Bible and explaining its stories and miracles figuratively? Philo did that in Alexandria before the second Temple had fallen. Is it praying in the vernacular? They prayed in nothing else twenty-five centuries ago. Hebrew was the vernacular. It is only *we* who pray in a strange language. And even when their tongue became Chaldaic, they made Chaldaic the language of prayer, showing that they were perhaps more adaptable than we are. Does the new truth consist in the lessening importance of ceremonial and the growing importance of spiritual? That was an old story to the prophets, who flourished before the foundations of Rome were laid. I might almost say they taught nothing else. "Not animal sacrifice," says Micah, "but justice, mercy and humility." "Never mind about new moons and Festivals, let us have charity, purity, righteousness," said Isaiah. "God does not want burnt-offerings, but obedience," says Jeremiah. "I have my opinion of those so conscientious as to exact times of holy observance, but who give bad weight to the poor," says Amos. What then is the much vaunted new religious idea? Even scepticism is as old as faith, our doubts are as venerable as our beliefs. We can be just as old-fashioned when we deny as when we accept. If we have anything new to teach, it is rather in detail, form or minor accessory.

And even granted, as of course we do grant, that new thought that is also vital thought has just been given life—is this only true of our age? Has the world stood still till the 19th century, and then for the first time decided to move? Has not each century bequeathed to posterity a fresh experience, a glorious discovery? Is

not human experience always being enriched and corrected? In our days yes, but in the days of Charlemagne, too, aye, and of Bacon and Maimonides and Newton. Has not almost every generation reached a condition of advancement, beyond which it seemed impossible to go? Has not the world always been on the eve of a crisis, and jogged on nevertheless? When the year 1000 approached, people believed that the world was bound to come to an end, and I think that every generation believes that something is going to happen in its age that has never happened before.

As an instance of the oldness of the new, I have often thought that when the prophets first preached the abrogation of sacrifices, timid people began to say—"what! give up animal sacrifices!—it is one of the pillars of Judaism, even Moses did not dare do that! You will begin by abolishing sacrifices, then you will abolish priests, and so abolishing bit by bit, very soon there will be nothing left." Don't suppose, therefore, that you were the first to speak in that way; even that argument, if it is an argument, is a very old argument.

Surely the liberty and rights enjoyed in this country are modern, it may be asked? Yes, but let the American Republic forget not the debt it owes to the Constitutional Monarchy of England that preceded it. Without that preparatory condition their free speech and universal suffrage would not be possible. The freedom that you enjoy is not of to-day's birth, nor of yesterday's; you owe some of it to the Habeas Corpus Act that was passed in the year 1679, some of it to the Magna Charta that was signed as early as the year 1215. Each age has given something toward your enfranchisement; it is not all of your own making.

It is seldom we can point to one man as the inventor of a complete machine. He perhaps adds a wheel or

improves a balance, simplifies or enlarges a previous contrivance. Did Watt invent the steam engine? There was some species of steam engine in Greece, 130 years before the common era; a Spaniard, a German and an Italian, each did something toward its improvement around the 16th century, only to be followed by two or three Englishmen who pushed the invention still further on; then a Frenchman added the piston, only then came the famous Watt, who devised a separate vessel to condense the steam. And so Columbus has to share the discovery of America with half a dozen others. Now that John Tyndall has died, it is hard to find out just what he did. He did parts of so many things. He supplied links to ever so many inventions. Our improvements in social life belong to no one age, but to all ages; like the sciences they represent, a perpetual, never ending, always advancing growth.

The new things and theories of to-day are then simply the latest phase of all that has been. The new religious thought is but the last development from the old, is evolved from the past and belongs to it, just as the child is of the parent, bone of its bone, flesh of its flesh and soul of its soul. Shall we then, having reached the new, cast off the old, cut adrift from the past, which is the father of the present, and like the new Pharoah, shall we "know not Joseph?" Shall we give up our grand old religion, upon which is registered the growing thought and deepening fervor of every epoch, and organize a new religion, based only on the very latest and very newest of our convictions?

We rejoice in the glory of the flowers. They come to us with such precise regularity, marking off the months, that it seems as though they must have always been. Of course, you know that such is not the case. Flowers are one of the later developments of nature. There was

a time when there were no flowers at all, long before man made his appearance on the earth, nor were there any bees to gather honey from the flowers that had not come, nor were there any songbirds. A luxuriant growth of enormous ferns marked the preceding stage. Nature was not as beautiful then as now. But in her gradual development she has perpetually attained a richer glory. Now does nature discard all her earlier creations, produce flowers and cease producing trees and ferns, and moss? It would be very unfortunate if she did. The flowers would lose their charm without the beautiful green background. They are most beautiful, only when taken together with all the previous developments. Nature has retained for us all the different gradations of her growth, except a few extinct flora and fauna. Even her dead leaves enrich the soil, contributing towards the living buds and preaching yet again the immortality of all things good. Shall we only accept the last blossoms of religion and cut assunder the tree and roots from which they have sprung? The new comes from the old and depends upon it for sustenance and life.

Nature is one—even as God is One, as man is one—there is no such thing as orthodox nature and reform nature. She is one glorious whole. She has never renounced her past or severed herself from it, for she is incomplete without it. The evolutionist sees a latent reptile in the flying birds, sees a walrus in a horse and even an anthropoid ape in a man. But her first stage is as true and as necessary as her last. If we climb to the top of the mountain and then have the mountain removed from under us, we will simply sink to the ground again. Your very height depends not merely on the topmost plateau, but also upon the lower ridges, for they uphold the plateau. We have never so advanced in literature that we can discard the alphabet.

If we cut off the past, we have no standard of morality or right; we cannot measure our progress. We cannot separate the ripened apple from the apple in its unripe state; they are one; the unripeness has developed into ripeness; it is all there, concentrated in the one apple.

I think I have answered the question—shall we give up our old religion, simply because of some new theories that we find ourselves conceiving. Keep your new convictions by all means, they are blossoms on the old tree. And if you do not think they have developed directly from your religion, then graft them on it, and enrich it with the new experience, so that it may grow from without as well as from within, as we all do. Indeed belief in our constant mental and moral growth, in our nearer approach to God and truth is in itself a cardinal doctrine of Judaism—the Messianic doctrine.

I have been led to dwell on this feature of our faith, because it has become fashionable for some having caught hold of a new truth, which is really an old truth, to discard their ancestral faith altogether, though it really contains the so-called new principle. They are tired of affiliation with people who are tabooed in clubs and ostracised generally. They are anxious to affiliate with a choice few, leaving their poor relations, so to speak, to get along as best they can. Is this noble, is it heroic, is it religious? Nothing is so easy as to abandon a faith, and let me add, nothing is so cowardly. To reconstruct a faith, to adapt it to the age, and the human need, would show bravery as well as genius. There may be a great temptation to throw off observances that tax one's time and call for some sacrifice, and with them to throw off also people who may not always be congenial. Do these things if you wish, but for God's sake, do not call such action religious, seeing that it is selfish, and snobbish, and worldly.

Moses was religiously, far in advance of his people, yet he stayed in the desert with them in a metaphorical as well as in an actual sense. He permitted even the retention of sacrifices and slavery, so that by that permission he could induce them to accept a spiritual God and the Ten Commandments. Better that the one great soul should progress slowly, so that one thousand souls should progress with him, than that he should go forward untrammelled and leave them in the mire. Mendelssohn, through his philosophical writings, that won him the friendship of Lessing, and his later literary fame, was courted in the circles of culture and fashion, was flattered and caressed and given *entree* into the *salons* of savants and litterati. They wished him to stay with them and to become one of them. Lavater pleaded, begging him to become a Christian. But there were his people in the Ghetto, most of them ignorant and uncouth. Shall he cut adrift from them, and the humiliating restrictions that was their inheritance from the Gentiles? No! He must stay with them—their fate must be his—and if he has learning and prestige, then he must use it in their cause. The path of duty was clear—Mendelssohn emancipated a nation, winning them to better things by gradual steps—making *small* concessions to custom and even to prejudice that he might obtain *great* concessions to spirituality, sweetness and light.

I believe that all the world's progress has come about simply by the wise and noble few going back to save the ignorant many. Your brother is perishing in the snow; you are strong and hardy and will soon reach yonder cottage of warmth and shelter, but will you leave him there to die by the wayside? Are you your brother's keeper?

Let us stand by each other and not even leave the Russian Jew behind, however debased he may be by

persistent, crushing brutality. Let us renew the old covenant of Sinai; indeed we know none grander. And if the Commandments mean more to us than they mean to the desert wanderers, if we have read into them our higher ideals, so much the better. If living truths can grow even as living flowers and living men, then has the Decalogue grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. If the religious principle, like material principle, has yielded interest year by year, adding the interest to the original Mosaic capital, then the vast inheritance that has broadened and risen with time descends to us—the lineal descendants, the rightful heirs to the precious inheritance of Judaism. Let us not fear to disseminate its truths, for unlike material principal, it increases by its very expenditure, and the more fræely it is scattered, the vaster grows the limit of its supply. It is ours to keep and to bestow, and to keep by bestowing.

HOW SHOULD WE MOURN THE
DEPARTED ?

How shall we Mourn the Departed?

Death is always with us and always will be. In spite of elixirs of life and the triumph of medical science, man has never yet learned how to evade the grim messenger. We here to-night are therefore as sure of our ultimate death as of our present life—for although by right-living, care and self-control we may put off the evil day—that day will sooner or later mature. Therefore our daily experience has always a something to do with the departed. Either we are wearing the garments of grief, or saying the annual mourners' prayer, or waiting in sad expectancy for yet another dear one to be called away. A consideration then of our duties to the memory of the lost is surely a timely theme.

The first question has always been what: shall we do with the lifeless tenement? The earliest and rudest mode of disposal of the dead have been exposure in the wilds, where they would either decay or be consumed. Burning was general once, and for scientific reasons, cremation is likely to become popular again. There is nothing against it in Jewish Law. But the most usual method, both of the primitive and the cultured has been burial—from the rude pile of stones heaped by the Mohammedans above the corpse, encased only in a shroud, to the pyramid that covered the embalmed and elaborately bandaged mummy of the Egyptians, or the granite mausoleum in which a costly casket is deposited, familiar to your own experience.

Peculiar customs have always been associated with burial that vary with difference of belief. Most of

the ancients believed not only in the immortality of the soul, but also in the resurrection of the body, and that the life continued in another world in much the same way. The North-American Indian only went from their hunting fields here to the "Happy hunting grounds" beyond, and were therefore buried with bow and arrow and moccasins, that they might continue their mysterious journey. Even a kettle of provisions was placed by his side to meet all possible emergency. With the same idea in view the Mexicans placed in the hands of the deceased, slips of paper, passports, so to speak, against future dangers. The Norse hero was buried with his horse and armor that he might ride to Valhalla fully equipped, and for a like purpose the Chinese are buried with paper images of sedan-chairs. So far in these instances peculiar beliefs were followed by harmless usages. But this, alas, was not always the case. Superstitions about futurity, sometimes led to cruel customs. The natives of Dahomey kill a slave from time to time, that he may thus tell the latest news to the departed master. The Indian widow is burnt to death in the delusion that she will thus accompany her husband; while the Fijians strangled wives, friends and slaves to give to the departed company in his life after death.

The Semitic races, I am glad to say, are conspicuous for the absence of any such wanton sacrifice of life, in connection with burial, except that the camel of the Arab dies on the grave of his master. Other funeral customs worth mentioning are the burial of Mexican children by the wayside, that their souls may enter into the passers-by; again, the Greeks placed a coin called an obolus in the hands of the deceased to pay his fare to the weird boatmen Charon, who rowed him over the Styx, the river of death, and a honey-cake to soothe

Cerberus, the dog that guarded the entrance to the Shades. While the Egyptians, Siamese and Greenlanders resort to various methods to prevent the return of the soul, of which they are very much afraid. This fear eventually led to the worship of Manes, i.e. ancestors. The singing at Irish wakes to ward off evil spirits, shows how old customs persist.

Mourning rites are equally curious and diverse. The Hawaiians on the death of a king feign madness and commit desperate crimes, even murder, to indicate that grief has driven them frantic. The Romans ended the mourning with feasting and gladiatorial combats. The Mohammedans hired women to wail and cry, while such exaggerated forms of grief as fasting, covering the body with rags and sackcloth, sitting in ashes, wringing the hands, beating breasts, tearing the hair, shaving the head, gashing the body are common among most peoples of antiquity. They are nearly all violent forms of natural emotions.

While natural they are perhaps outside the range of criticism. They begin to be objectionable only when they become artificial. By artificial, I do not mean hypocritical. I mean the prescribing a form of grief by law, saying, for instance, that at the loss of a relative one must abstain from food, sit in ashes, or tear the hair. When these are natural emotions, they are unconscious; when they are commanded, they cease to indicate grief but simply obedience to rule. If we were told to weep tears at prescribed times, the tears would no longer be the natural and touching signs of an affectionate nature, but a cold compliance with a mechanical formula.

Here then lies the danger of religions or society interfering with the private grief of a bereaved soul, and compelling him to regulate his mourning by settled

statutes and pre-arranged legislation. When all our mourning is brought down to a meaningless uniformity, to an arbitrary fashion, it is no longer mourning, its observance indicates a respect for the usages of social life, or perhaps merely a fear of awakening criticism by disobeying them.

If society is to give us occasional liberty from its exacting regulations, surely this should be the time. Why must we clothe ourselves in black? It is but a symbol. The Chinese dress in white, the Ethiopian mourning is brown—the color of the earth, the Turkish blue—the color of the sky, the Egyptian is yellow—the hue of decayed leaves, and other nations a mixture of violet and black to symbolize the union of sorrow and hope. The color of the dress then is only a form that varies with different nations; and even then it is almost wholly confined to that sex with whom dress is an important detail. Why then should we be so severe in this demand, compelling wives and mothers and daughters in the supreme throes of agony, to enter into worldly paraphernalia of dressmaking and millinery while the dead are still in the house. Give them at least leisure for these sad preparations. And granted black clothing, why compel them to wear the costly and unhealthy crape? Why impose upon our sisters, the burdensome veil, that is injurious to the eyes and hideous always?

In coming to the details of funerals and mourning generally, I find much to condemn, much that should be altered. Many old abuses have passed away with a growing sense of refinement and fitness—but many new abuses have crept in. In the first place, the loss of those we love is a blow sufficiently terrible and bitter; no need to add to the gloom and the horrors by repulsive customs, to make the grief more heartrending. Many of the usages to which I refer are rapidly passing away and

therefore I will not mention them. For, after all, it is not so much the gloom with which we are apt to surround death that is to be censured, for it is natural to look upon the great mystery with trembling and awe. It is the pomp and display that is the most objectionable feature of the modern funeral. The extravagance of the funeral trappings seems a mockery in the midst of tears; the pride of wealth in the costly pageant, how sinful at the hour of death! And it is so unjewish. The code of our fathers, praised be their exquisite feeling in this regard, demanded at this hour of sorrow, a stern and rigid simplicity: the plainest covering for the body, a simple unadorned coffin, and everything else in keeping with the absence of decoration. In our gorgeous tombstones I see but the vanity of riches that cannot leave us even in death. For a tall conspicuous monument does not to-day indicate depth of affection, or profundity of bereavement. It is merely a question of means. Notice too how this lavishness of chiseled marble has destroyed the significance of monuments to the great. For on entering a cemetery to-day and seeing a splendid tombstone, you no longer say "some noble person, surely one of the world's great heroes"—No! you simply infer "what a rich man." The finest monument in one of the finest cemeteries in this state adorns the grave of an enterprising purveyor of soda water!

Let me appeal to the rich for the sake of the poor to revive the ancient beautiful simplicity. Do not by your example of extravagance impose upon those in moderate circumstances expenses that often embarrass them. Naturally they try to do what you do, especially at such a time when curtailment of expense might seem unfeeling, as though they begrudged to the dear and the lost. And would you believe that many poor Irish people, slaves of custom, expend in flowers and carriages, funeral

trappings and headstone, the hard-earned savings of years! I know of some cases where for long afterwards the living had to suffer privation to supply decoration for the dead.

We have undoubtedly made much improvement in refining the details, painful at best, of this trying ordeal for the survivors. The coarse and crude management of boorish assistants and unfeeling officials, is being replaced by a better state of things. But some of these still survive. For instance if an individual belonged to a *chevra* or burial society, you will still see the rough customs that offend our best instincts. I have often been outraged at seeing an official shake a money box at frequent intervals in the presence of the dead in order to solicit donations. Again I think the final farewell of the relatives should be taken privately, and not in the presence of the gaping crowd. It must be very hard to have to pour out their agony in the midst of the assembled throng.

A perhaps unavoidable evil is the desecration of the solemnity of burial by pausing to take refreshments at a way-side inn. Whatever sanctity may have pervaded the occasion, is dissipated in the eating, drinking, smoking and gossip that now ensues. We talk of barbarians having funeral feasts—what is this? It is worth any sacrifice to change this—I might almost say—scandal.

The great distance of the cemeteries make it difficult to avoid this evil. But this congregation in particular, if I may make a specific reference, has a simple remedy at hand and its example may induce other congregations to follow. Since our very small cemetery is almost filled, and since ours is the farthest north of all the New York Temples, and the greatest distance from the burial centre at Cypress Hills and its neighborhood, it is

surely high time that we lay out a cemetery of our own a few miles north of this building, that could be reached by a carriage in an hour. I am sure that it would be a great boon to those who wish to visit the graves of their departed from time to time.

And now what is our duty to our mourning friends? Certainly to visit them during the early days after the bereavement. It goes without saying that we should not officiously try to comfort them with stereotyped words of solace, for it only makes them feel worse. There are many little attentions that I need hardly enumerate, but that you will understand. Do not necessarily speak of the departed one at all, rather talk of other things, unless the bereaved show a desire to tell the story of the sad end, and seem to find relief in the telling. Still it may be well occasionally to try and take them out of themselves, so that for the moment at least they may forget the ever-present sorrow. Do not be too severe with them in the enforcing of Ritual regulations, telling them they must not wear shoes or sit on chairs, or exchange greetings with friends; that they must not leave the house, that they must tear their garments in a prescribed way to symbolise the rending of clothing in violent grief. Give grief the liberty of mourning according to its natural impulse.

On the other hand, if they wish to do these things, if the fulfilling of these observances comforts them, do not irritate them by opposing their wishes. Do not offend their sensibilities by brutally telling them that the covering of mirrors with white cloths is merely an ignorant superstition; this certainly is not the time to criticise a custom sanctioned at least by age. In brief, show a little tact by using every consideration to spare the feelings of your suffering friends.

And to the mourners, let me also say: In grieving for

the departed, forget not the living. You owe it to those still left you to control feelings that are too violent, to struggle against a depression that is too prolonged. Death is not an exceptional visitation to be deplored as tragedy; it is a universal experience, in each case is merely a question of time, one of the unbroken laws of God, surely ordained with a wisdom and a love beyond our finite vision. To brood too long over your loss may lead to a melancholy you may never be able to shake off. To grope around the house with tearful dolefulness for long after like a reproach at everything cheerful, to make your presence a damper on the exuberance of youthful buoyancy in your home is useless at best, and, when carried to an extreme, is selfish and unkind. For there is such a condition as the luxury of grief, in which it is weakness to indulge. Bear in mind, that grief is hardly a duty, and, when it is not felt, no law either social or moral declares that you should assume a sorrow you cannot feel. In asking you to abstain from gaieties and public amusements for a time, to dress in sober hue out of respect for the departed, is going as far as the world dare. Any further restriction or imposition would become an unjustifiable interference with the sanctity of privacy.

All deeper signs of grief must be kept within your own soul. You must not carry your heart upon your sleeve nor ask for an audience to witness your tears. They are for the solitude of your own chamber, not even for the family circle—give them your smile. To smile in suffering in order to cheer others—that is heroism. It is not by a pervading gloom that we show that the departed are not forgotten. There are truer and less ostensible ways of showing the endurance of our affection not covered by law or rule. The picture of the loved and lost not discarded; every relic of the dear one jeal-

ously treasured ; every little memento kept in its place and not allowed to become ruined and destroyed by neglect. All the different wishes expressed in the lifetime of the deceased faithfully followed now when they are not present to see and rebuke. "I do not do that because father never liked me to do it when he was alive."

I enter, let us say, a home from which a parent has passed away some years ago. There is no longer the depression of mourning, but a something I cannot define assures me of a pervading presence of the departed. The sons and daughters are, of course, no longer dressed in mourning, their talk has not that peculiar hush noticeable in the first few weeks of bereavement. There is no sadness now, there is even cheer ; and yet there is a something of which they are quite unconscious themselves, but which tells me that the spirit of the one gone before still hovers over the home, as though the parental influence had entered their lives, giving to them an added sweetness and a new purity that will abide with them to the last day.

—THE—

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IS PROSELYTISM A DUTY OF JUDAISM ?

Is Proselytism a Duty of Judaism?

It is very seldom that people wake up to a fulness of their religious responsibilities. They may consider their religion in relation to themselves, but not always in relation to the world at large. A belief in a faith must necessarily be accompanied by a deep interest in its fate and in its future. Is Judaism a tribal religion, for Jews only, or is it a religion for mankind? We know that religion for a tribe or for a nation is an anachronism in modern times. If, then, we believe that we have reached a pure and lofty conception of God and duty, such as would be capable of guiding life and inspiring it, ought we not to give it forth to the world, instead of keeping it selfishly for ourselves? Is it not our duty to seek to make converts to Judaism?

We have so often reiterated the remark that Judaism does not seek converts that we have almost made it a dogma of our faith. Is it something to be so proud of, looking at it from all points of view? As a matter of fact, the sentiment does not only not do us credit, but, what is more important, it is not true. In this glib formula, we have rather overstated a tendency that has really arisen out of external conditions. There was a law on the statute-books of most countries forbidding any to embrace Judaism, under severe penalty, that has only just become a dead letter. And, independent of that law, Jews, as Jews, were saddled with so many disabilities that it was rare indeed that any one would voluntarily assume the hardships imposed on the Jews, simply out of love of their faith, although such instances did occur. But when times were brighter with us, before our iron age began, and even in its early stages

conversions to Judaism were remarkably frequent, and many Jews sought converts to their faith with much enthusiasm.

That frequent coincidence in history, that the victors became the disciples of the vanquished, was repeated during the Babylonian captivity. Many of the Babylonians were drawn towards a religion that, strange to say at that time, did not fall with the nationality of its followers, and were inspired by the fidelity of those exiles whose faith in their God remained unshaken, even at the supreme moment of their overthrow.

The absurdity of idolatry—that a man might use one-half of a tree to kindle fire and fashion the other half into a god—pointed out by the keen satire of that unknown prophet called the Second Isaiah, had also its profound influence in bringing many of the heathen to the worship of the spiritual God of the Jews. Not only did these new converts keep the Sabbath, enter into the Abrahamic covenant, and fulfil the Jewish ceremonial, but even when the permission of Cyrus was given to Judah to return to Jerusalem, many of these proselytes, like the “mixed number from Egypt,” went up with them. The example of the converts reacted on the Jews, and deepened their confidence in their faith. When John Hyrcanus subdued the Idumeans, he actually compelled them to embrace Judaism, giving only the choice of exile; and while we take no pride in this solitary instance of Jewish intolerance carried to that extreme, it proves the eagerness of our ancestors to bring converts to their faith.

Later on, when Jews were thrown more in contact with Greeks and Romans, the latter, impressed by the purity and spirituality of the Mosaic faith, became more dissatisfied with their own deities, whose lives, even from a human standpoint, as told by their poets, were any-

thing but exemplary; while many pure-minded women, both of Damascus and Asia Minor, were finding the immoralities of heathenism of growing repugnance. So, becoming more intimately acquainted with the Jewish religion through the Greek translation of their Bible and literature, many gladly sought in the new faith higher ideals of life, and became devout converts. The change in character was significant indeed. Philo-Judæus tells us of the marked improvement in moderation, gentleness and humanity.

So eager were the Jews to win over their neighbors from absurd beliefs that sanctioned vices, to the great religion that made God and righteousness one, that they resorted to a strange device. Seeing that the Greeks had great faith in the mystic teachings of the sybils—women-prophets, presumed to be inspired by the gods, and fearing that their public attempts at conversion would not be given credence, even if permitted at all—they put the vital truths of Judaism in the form of Greek sibylline prophecies. To put one's words in the mouths of ancient teachers to gain for them authority, was a common practice of antiquity, of which some instances are even found in the Bible and Apocrypha. Literary conscientiousness is a very modern virtue.

That some Jews actually travelled from place to place to make converts is the best reply to the theory that proselytism is against our principles. And very successful these missionaries were. A Jewish merchant at an Asiatic court expounded the principles of his faith with such fervor that his hearers embraced it then and there. The historian, Graetz, goes on to tell us how a young prince was among the converts, and that his queen-mother, Helen, had become such a passionate adherent of Judaism that she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and aided it in time of famine.

Judaism grew very popular in Rome and Asia Minor in the last days of the Jewish state, and even after it had fallen, in an age when religions were supposed to be overthrown with their nationalities; and when the outlook for our faith was dark and uncertain, many continued to renounce their family ties to embrace the creed of our fathers. Much of the persecution of the Jews by Tiberias was due to the leaning of many Romans toward Judaism, among whom we may mention Fulvia, wife of a Roman Senator. Josephus tells us how zealous they were even for the ceremonial side of our faith.

Some became Talmudic scholars. Aquila, a Greek philosopher, outdid the proverbial enthusiasm of a convert. And his Greek translation of the Bible became such a model of exactness, that an Aramaic translation on the same plan was named after it, Targum Onkelos (Aquila).

The Emperor Domitian, whose forte was cruelty, made it dreadfully hard for the Jews, but still harder for their proselytes. They were despoiled of their property, exiled, and sometimes put to death. But, in spite of all, a cousin of the Emperor named Flavius Clemens, entered the Jewish faith, together with his wife Flavia Domitilla, and, be it remembered, their son was a possible heir to the Empire. Think of the might-have-beens of history! Constantine, a later Emperor, adopts Christianity and makes it the religion of Rome, which was the world. Henceforward, we hear of the Holy Roman Empire, and Christianity became the religion of the nations of Europe into which that Empire broke up. Might not Judaism have held this proud place had Domitian followed his cousin's example, or, perhaps, even if he had not interfered with it? But these are idle conjectures. Alas! Flavius Clemens was condemned to death for the crime of Judaism, for which heinous offence

even his relationship to the Emperor could not save him; and his wife was exiled.

Conditions continued to grow rapidly darker for Israel. Hadrian made Judaism a capital offence even for Jews; and glad enough they were when Antoninus Pius allowed them to follow their faith in peace, considering it no hardship that only proselytism was not permitted. But the climax was reached when Constantine exchanged Paganism for Christianity. The days of partial toleration were over. The imperial edict went forth, no Jews dare make converts, no individual dare adopt their faith. Here is the real source of the discouragement by us of would-be converts to Judaism, which we have mistaken for a dogma. Our faith was declared a contraband article forbidden by law.

Still, there is one renowned instance of conversion to Judaism, several centuries later immortalized in Jehuda Ha-Levi's Cusari. Bulan, king of the Chozars, a now vanished people who dwelt on the border land between Europe and Asia on the Caspian Sea, desired to be convinced of the true religion and, sending for representatives of the three great faiths, Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism, was so impressed with the faith of our fathers that he and his people adopted it; the details are legendary, but the general fact is historic.

Outside, then, of this conversion of the Chozars and an attempt to convert Mohammedans in Spain about the year 1066, for which they were dreadfully persecuted, proselytes to Judaism were rare and surreptitious. The Jews could hardly call their lives their own; and if they could hold their own, it was as much as they could do.

But those dark days are over, and, let us hope, for ever. In Western countries, even the age of toleration is past. We have advanced beyond that word. We no

longer beg gracious privileges as Jews; we demand just rights as men. Occasionally a Gentile enters the Jewish fold, as you very well know. You know, too, that the law does not interfere; it is considered nobody's business except the party concerned. And, yet, we seem to care so little for what our ancestors would have considered so great a boon, that I doubt if many pause to think of the gigantic gain implied in this perfect religious liberty. Here, at last, is our opportunity, and yet, outside of a few exceptional instances of proselytism, in which the question of marriage is usually a factor, we are making no efforts to bring converts into our faith. We are not doing our whole duty in this negative attitude, either to our religion or to the world at large. We are shirking a great responsibility.

Do I mean that we should endeavor to wean others from their faith? God forbid. A man's religion is the profoundest part of him. We have no more right to take away one's religion than to take away his property, unless we know that his convictions are false, malicious and dangerous. We have not the excuse to offer that the Christian has for pursuing proselytism so fanatically. We do not believe that our faith is the only door to heaven—the only way to God. We see a relative truth and a legitimate right in other faiths. If they are firmly believed and conscientiously followed, we would feel it undoubtedly wrong to disturb them. We only wish that others would assume that same attitude towards us. We have so strongly condemned that tendency of some discreditable representatives of the faith of our neighbors to steal devoted believers from Judaism in order to swell their ranks, that it would be little short of infamous to adopt that course ourselves.

But there are many nominally within the Church who no longer believe its cardinal doctrine, who are really

nearer to us than to the Church to which they give a formal allegiance. There are still more who have all but officially renounced the faith of their birth, because no longer believing in the Trinity, in Vicarious Atonement, in Everlasting Punishment, nor even in the Messiahship of the Nazarene. There are many who, because no longer believing in the current creed, while strongly deistic, have drifted into freethinking and agnostic societies, who might have found sustaining and comforting faith within the fold of Judaism, had its doors been invitingly open to them.

Judaism is the only legitimate representative of Monotheism. It is not a faith of yesterday. It is not a platform deliberately drawn up within our own remembrance, and, therefore, likely to be superseded by the latest ideas of every new comer, which is the weakness of new-fashioned creeds and brand new religions. It was the first pure Monotheism; its roots are deep down in antiquity, and it has followed every upward step of man from patriarchal times: it has survived all changes of human outlook, all revolutions of human thought; it has seen schools of philosophy and systems of belief rise and decay. And here it abides to-day, the oldest of religions, yet including within itself the ripest thought of humanity.

But I do not mean that we should go out and seek even those who believe almost as we do, who are Jews in all but sentiment and sympathy and association. Unless it be an instance where moral salvation is involved, there is a grave doubt in my mind whether a religion is justified in such methods as will entice converts into its fold. To enter into unworthy rivalry with other faiths—to stoop to undignified competition—such methods belong only to the world of trade, and bring religion into degradation and ridicule. I ask no more than that the synagogue should be hospitable in every sense, that our doors should be open wide to all who wish to come, that we should cordially and sympathetically greet whoever seek us, and not indifferently turn to them a cold shoulder, as though their religious welfare were no concern of ours. If we really believe in

the truth and helpfulness of our faith, we have no moral right to discourage others from joining it. That is pure selfishness, and selfishness and religion can never exist together.

Unquestionably it is our duty to our religion and to ourselves to let the world know what that religion is—its beauties, its grandeur, its inspiring and eternal truths. We have no right to shut it up in mysterious books and strange tongues, and encourage others to believe, as some do, that it is made up of ceremonies instead of convictions. We withdraw it from the eye of the world, concealing it in obscure forms, instead of broadly publishing its goodly tidings in all their simplicity, that all may freely come and drink from the living waters without money and without price. When the heathen comes to us and says, "Tell us your religion in a nutshell," we do not act as disciples of Hillel, first gently giving the epitome of morals in a pithy sentence, and then invite him to probe deeper, —we imitate Shammai : we coldly tell him to be gone !

No wonder the world forms false and ridiculous notions about Judaism, and never does it justice. Even when it wishes to be most fair to Judaism, it only presents its Bible phase, as though our faith never advanced beyond the conceptions of two thousand years ago. It may be convenient for our neighbors to believe that they have progressed, and we have stood still; that we cling yet to the exploded notions of antiquity, and have remained through all these centuries in that half-developed condition in which Judaism is pictured at the close of the Bible; for certainly their own faith would gain by such a contrast. But it is also our fault that they should be unaware that Judaism has kept time with human progress, and has assimilated the highest and the best that humanity has produced. We have not tried to tell them, and they know the Bible phase best, because they have translated it and disseminated it for themselves.

I have said that we are indifferent as to whether the outside world understands or misunderstands the vital truths of Judaism; but I will go further and say we are indifferent as to whether our own understand them,

pursuing with them the same apathetic nonchalance. Judaism is not made simple and inviting to our young generation. And so they are drifting from us and we are letting them go. We are doing nothing to save our young people to Judaism, by bringing our faith to them. We have not enough of the missionary spirit. Liberality has become a cloak for indifference. I get frightened at the appalling ignorance of Judaism among our young men and women. I see them drifting into skeptical societies and gradually into hopeless materialism. And we are to blame.

We never speak of our faith outside, as our neighbors do of theirs. We shun the theme as though we were ashamed of it. If circumstances force us to say a word about it, we do so apologetically, perhaps disparagingly. What can people at large think of such a religion? I know that persecution and ridicule have engendered that timidity and withdrawal. But it is time we freed ourselves from the associations of conditions that are past and dead. We must regain confidence in ourselves, and, without presuming to force our religion on the notice of others, still, when the occasion calls for it, let us tell the story of our faith, modestly and yet proudly, with a kindling warmth showing that we feel a great treasure is ours in the possession of Judaism.

If we really love our faith and do not accept it as a mere inheritance, but believe it to be a boon to humanity, the simplest and the truest of creeds, the best guide and support for a human life, then it is our duty to look to its future preservation, to enlarge its boundaries and to save it as far as we can from being swallowed up, as the causes of most minorities are. It must grow from without as well as from within, even to hold its own. Every age has its separate problems to solve. An age of emancipation calls for means for sustaining a faith, very different from those which an age of persecution demanded; so Israel's problem is different to-day from what it ever was before. The סני לחורה (ceremonial fence around the law), of our fathers can no more be a defence of Judaism to-day than walls can be the defence of cities in this age of cannon and gunpowder.

To desire the nations to enter the fold of Judaism, is good old orthodox doctrine. The prophets preached it.

Says Zechariah, "Ten men of all nations shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying we will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you." The first Isaiah looks forward to the time when "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established above the hills, and all nations shall flow to it, saying let us go up to the house of the God of Jacob, for from Zion goeth forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Preaches the second Isaiah, "Let not the stranger that hath joined himself to the Lord say—the Lord will separate me from His people, for the strangers that join themselves to the Lord, to minister to Him, to be His servants, to keep His Sabbath, even them will I make joyful in My house of prayer, for My house shall be called a house of prayer for all peoples." In Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, we read: "Moreover concerning the stranger that is not of Thy people Israel, who hearing of thy great name shall pray toward this house, oh hearken to his request that all the people of the earth may know Thy name to fear Thee"

Only persecution has made us forget the broad and liberal standpoint of our ancestors, has made us forget that we owe a religious duty to the world—that our mission to mankind is not fulfilled by simply remaining Jews ourselves, regardless of the religious condition of humanity at large.

I believe a fear of persecution is at the bottom of our religious timidity and exclusiveness to-day. "What! openly make converts to Judaism! Think of the *Rishus* you will bring upon your heads?" That is always the cry when we would do anything, when we would fain be true to ourselves. I believe much of the anti-Semitism is brought against us, not because of our religion, but because of our open and flagrant neglect of it, and the spread of infidelity amongst us. Believing and observant Jews always win the esteem and confidence of the Gentiles, in civilized lands at least, and Russia is not a civilized land. Only when we forget our traditions do they raise against us the cry: "Behold a people without a religion—a menace to the State!"

Do not fear your religion—do not fear the preachings of it far and wide, that all may hear; for that alone was our greatness and our salvation in the past, that alone will be our greatness and salvation in the future.

THE IDEAL IN LIFE.

The Ideal in Life.

Language expresses thought approximately, but not exactly. The "half that is concealed" is often the more precious. We commonplace people think "unutterable things," as well as the poets. Impressions surge through our brain, too blurred and incoherent even to be called thought; this is where thought and feeling merge, each vaguely helping out the other. So one word will often stand for many things, taking its precise meaning from the standpoint of the speaker.

Ideal has become a much used and therefore much abused word; many liberties have been taken with it. It has been made to cover too much, and in consequence the rabbinical doctrine has held good, "whoever increaseth diminisheth," it has come to signify too little. Let us find out what it does mean. The words takes us back to the days of ancient philosophy—when the great thinkers began trying to find out the essence of all things, and when mind and matter were first distinctly contrasted. Plato is the philosopher most associated with the doctrine of ideas, though each thinker had his say about it, particularly the Jewish philosopher Philo. It was stated by Plato that every common object or thing had some general prototype, which was not one of any particular class, but which possessed the qualities of all. This general model although it existed only in an idea, was nevertheless, the only real, unchanging substance, the objects seen around us were but ephemeral forms. In fact, everything that is known to human experience is but a passing and imperfect copy of the original idea or ideal of the thing itself, as it absolutely is. This ideal of each object is the perfect object which will always survive the transient, imperfect, external representation,

When people then speak of a thing as ideal, they mean or at least they should mean it approaches almost to the perfect model which the mind can comprehend, but which imperfect human beings cannot actually produce. When therefore you have an ideal—an ideal of duty, of government, of home, of labor, of beauty, of humanity—your brain conceives the most lofty and finished conceptions of these things of which it is capable, though no government or duty ever exists on earth quite up to your ideal of it.

In the realm of literature and art, ideal may seem to mean something else, but you will find presently that it takes us back to the same principle. You hear of the realists and the idealists. Realism was reaction against that romantic tendency that wandered too far from the truth in giving full rein to the imagination and the sentiment. It began to be felt that better truth, however unlovely, than falsehood, however sublime. In art it was called the pre-Raphaelite movement.

Writers and artists had dwelt so long on the ideals of things, that they had misrepresented things as they are, as known to human experience. Let us go back to nature and to life, and study them faithfully and minutely said the new school. Let us despise no fact, provided it be true, let us distrust every impression that cannot be verified in the world of the actual.

A new zest was thus given to the investigation of minute details previously overlooked and ignored, and many valuable data and interesting descriptions were thereby given to the world. Then came an era of microscopic detail, every line in a spider's web, every speck in a butterfly's wing found its place on canvas and in fiction. So far was this theory of fidelity to all that the world of sense contained carried out, that nothing was considered too revolting for description, provided it be true, that

in fact it was expressly meritorious to give faithful presentation of the undesirable.

Realism did good in so far as it discouraged loose representation that was untrue to life, and in so far as it stimulated scientific exactness and conscientiousness. It pricked many bubbles, it cleared the air of a thousand follies. It ceased to be good when it sweepingly excluded the imaginative and the ideal. There is a fundamental distinction between false images and ideal images, between ideas of imagination that are disciplined by noble purpose, and imagination run wild. The things that appear to the external senses are not the only facts of life, nor the truest, nor those of most enduring value. There is more in the world of the unseen and the unrealized than in the world of the seen and the realized. What man may attain but has not is a truth too—not of the moment perhaps, not seen casually in the street, not ready to be reported in this evening's "Extra," but what may grow into a deepening truth as man advances. And the attempted representation of it here is a grand and inspiring ideal to hold up to him.

For instance a moralist pictures life as it ought to be—a realist life as it is. The idealist in fiction gives us a Jean Val Jean, a Colonel Newcombe, pictures of men perhaps better than they exist. The realist takes an incident of passing life, of human depravity or human selfishness, exactly as we may read it depicted in the morning newspapers, not giving it an extra touch or finish for better or for worse, not toning down its repulsive features nor caricaturing its better side, but painting it exactly as seen by our daily human experience, in moving among the crowds of commonplace, unideal worldly people; not calling them beautiful if they are not beautiful, nor tender and self-denying if they are not tender and self-denying. Surely this is the truth,

he claims and better frankly to depict it however unlovely it may be than to deceive by pictures of impossible persons good beyond the bounds of human capability.

That a writer should not give us individuals so exalted above human experience, as to cease to be human, and hence unhuman — as false to reality, as elves and fairies, is a sensible conclusion about which there need be no difference. But that a writer should combine in one individual the excellencies of many, and thereby give us a glorious and yet true picture of humanity in this composite photograph, is the triumph of art and the inspiration of man. We do not need an artist to present to us things as we see them — this is not art: but to choose his materials from the things that we see and know, and so to arrange them as really to give us something new, yet not a purely fanciful creation; this will delight us and spur us on by showing us what noble men and women we all can become if we unite each others virtues with our own.

So while giving us present truth the idealist is also the prophet of future truth; revealing to us not only what we are to-day but what we ought to be and will be at some later day and what we should be trying to be every day. He may even be said to advance the era of a glorified humanity by giving the impulse towards it in the presentation of it, hastening the good day by his inviting and beckoning prophecy.

It may be said that on the same lines a composite picture of human *badness* would be equally true. In the first place the awful picture of the possibilities of human depravity, could only do harm, appalling and discouraging us by the disclosure of our united infamies. In the second place, it would not be as true as the picture of our concentrated excellencies, for that is a growing

truth, while the other is a vanishing truth. In the development of man the lower is steadily falling away, the higher steadily emerging; and in our onward progress we are for ever leaving further behind the animal, in its carnality, cruelty and savagery with which mankind began his upward* march towards the ideal goal of perfection.

For the philosopher Plato is essentially if not technically correct—there is an ideal of humanity which is the only real, of which we are but imperfect copies. For do not we say that we are true to ourselves when we bring out the best that is in us, implying that we are not ourselves at our worst? Then it is that we approach nearest to the ideal which is the only real humanity. And in this sense too we will agree with the philosopher, that what we call the actual is *not—being*—in so far as it is but an intermediary process in which we are slowly evolving to our true exalted place which in the divine design is as high at least as our ideals picture it.

This difference does not belong merely to the realm of fine art and literature but also to the realm that most concerns us all, the realm of morals. You will meet two kind of teachers—there is first humanity's apologist, who bids us be self-satisfied, who, basely content with our average attainment, looks at the best side of our works and our doings, and ignoring the shameful side, flatters us by telling us in glowing periods the glories of our institutions and ourselves. The dishonesties, the betrayals, the venomous partisanships, the sacrifice of public causes to private self-interest—these are plausibly slurred over, and conscience is lulled to sleep by discouraging comparisons with other lands.

There is on the other hand the censurer of humanity. Why did the prophets so unceasingly scourge the Israelites with the lash of their rebukes; they were probably

morally ahead of their surroundings? Amos and Hosea might have taken the laudatory self-complacent tone of some of our modern successful men and preached the glory of Israel. In the reign of Jeroboam II. with its external splendor and successful conquest, there was certainly reason and excuse for adulation and self-approval. Yet in the times considered most propitious did they paint their darkest pictures. Why? Because their standard of mankind was so high that they refused to accept the present condition of gilded but sinful indulgence as a just estimate of Israel's valuation. So really humanity's censurer who points out man's sin has yet a higher opinion of mankind than humanity's apologist who dwells on his excellencies.

Here then both the idealist and the materialist may give us glimpses of human frailty and passion, but with motives so divergent that the whole impression of the picture in each instance is radically distinct. Zola may show you the night side of Paris and say "this is life—be it good or evil does not concern me, such is average humanity." Isaiah shows us the night side of Jerusalem, but he thrills with horror while he depicts the picture and makes us understand by his burning denunciation that this is not the normal moral tone of man, that it dare not be, it is but a temporary falling to a lower level above which men must soon rise to that lofty plane of conduct designed for them by God. Such is not average humanity—such is not the most we can expect of them—such is degraded humanity, a grotesque caricature of the divinely stamped creature, an awful nightmare from which he must soon awaken.

The idealist—he who would vindicate the better side of man, may not always go about his work in the same way. We may reach the same truth from opposite directions. If at times it is his duty to expose the rotten-

ness underlying that which seems fair, at other times it may be his duty to reveal the nobility of man under rough and uninviting exterior. Whether we show that some people are not as good as they ought to be and can be, or that others are better than they seem, the encouraging impulse to a grander human ideal is still maintained. We are therefore indebted to Mr. Bret Harte for showing us the tender, generous and self-denying touches in hardened, lawless pioneers on the Pacific Slope. The strange mixture of blasphemy and poetry, of blood-shed and chivalry, show us in these alternate lights and shades the broad capacity for good and evil in every human being.

I think that Heinrich Heine and Karl Emil Franzos, and to a certain extent, even Israel Zangwill, have done something of the same service for the Jew of the Ghetto. The world at large saw or only cared to see the squalid side. These writers show us the poetic side. Underneath uncouth manners, jargon, dialect and narrow formalism, inheritance of Gentile bigotry, they revealed a slumbering nobility and moral greatness that showed them still to be a nation of heroes with lofty ideals. A Jew sunk in the depths of poverty yet poring over the religious problems of the Talinud, is a condition presented by the poor of no other people on the globe. Their pictures of the Sabbath home in the humblest Jewish quarters, where family affection is hallowed by religious sanctity, where worship is hailed as a joy, and duty and love become one, are at once the Jew's vindication against the slanderous charges of sordid materialism, cupidity, avarice and spoliation, which are the periodic slanders of his detractors.

We want a Heine or a Bret Harte to write for us the inner life of the shamefully abused Russian Jew—abused in Russia by barbarities which we would not inflict even

on our convicts, abused in America by spiteful and cruel calumnies, that would lay all crimes and all evils at his door. The fact that the world should bear uppermost in mind is that they are sufferers for conscience sake, that they are martyrs to their religious convictions. They are here because they refused to sell their souls for civil liberty, because they refused to deny their God and to outrage their conscience, by outwardly submitting to the formalities of another creed that would have saved them from shameful indignities, unrighteous exactions and practical exile, not to mention the bribe of a lump sum down as the price of their apostacy. They are, therefore worthy to be compared with the Puritans, who, also the victims of persecution, came to these shores to worship God as their hearts dictated. It is our duty to reveal the ideal side of these "despised and rejected of men."

Furthermore we should make it our mission to search for the good, the beautiful and the heroic, in the commonplace, the ignorant, the obscure, just as the miner delves deep into the dark earth, braving its polluting gases, to extract the rare gem embedded in the rock and soil. Let us go down into the slums, not only to find out the sordidness and wretchedness that lie upon the surface and then report them in sensational and glaring tableaux in vulgar newspapers—but for the vindication of humanity, for a helpful encouragement to both high and low to continue their slow but certain progress let us show how a sweet usefulness and a divine pity pervades the hearts of "the great unwashed," who swarm the purlieus of large cities.

Reveal also to these forlorn and neglected their own ideal side, their kinship with the highest, that hope may brighten their sad hearts and noble emulation succeed their blighting apathy. Poetry and prose are simply different ways of looking at the same thing. We are

most of us prosaic—we see the dull hard facts of life in their gray reality; few are gifted with the poet's wand or can apply the magnetic touch that would raise them from the realm of the sordid and reveal their latent charms. Yet our happiness largely depends upon this poetic power. We must believe with the philosopher after all, that what we see are copies of ideal realities beyond, and our aim must ever be to catch occasional glimpses of the ideal side of all things. You can throw a charm about your home, and around the simple facts of your life that will be to you an endless source of cheer and joy. It will not depend upon your circumstances nor on things themselves, but upon your power of idealization. It lifts you above the material world to a higher realm in which all things are exalted and you with them. Remember that since God has put Utopias and Arcadias in our hearts, the realization of these ideals may come some day.

Is not this the province of religion to idealize life, and to exalt life's ideals; to lift it out of the slough; to enhance it; to transfigure it; to raise it on high. What is its perpetual lesson—be not satisfied with the temporal: "not on bread alone doth man live," but move ever onward towards the divine goal that must never be lost sight of. This is the truest sense in which it may be said to bring salvation and a Messianic age. It is ever striving to cultivate our taste for the highest. Listen to its whispering voice within you to come up higher, and to make your ideals realities.

SOPHISTS AND PHARISEES—OR, THE
VITALITY OF ERROR.



Sophists and Pharisees; or, the Vitality of Error.

It is said that the idle straying of the cows decided later the high-ways of Boston, and we all know that a flight of birds led Columbus to sail south and thus save North America from Spanish civilization, and assure its Anglo-Saxon character. History is full of these chance currents that change the course of humanity's progress. Even the reputation of the leaders of men hang on the turn of a hair. The prejudice or venom of a biased historian may blast a character for all future ages. Later critics may try to set things right by learned works on "the real truth about so and so," but the slander has gone forth, has been taken up by the people and the refutation is too late. Yet we will not hesitate to add our little word to the cause of truth—to try and plead again for the misunderstood—perhaps the world may give a new trial and revoke some of its unjust sentences. We will take up two typical instances, one from the sphere of knowledge, the other from the sphere of religion.

When philosophy in Greece had reached the stage of "confusion worse confounded," there appeared about 500 B. C. E., a class of men, who, seeing the impossibility of a decision being reached, abandoned altogether the search for the key to all mysteries. They decided to confine their energies to the sphere of the known and the practical, reminding us somewhat of the Positivist movement of modern times. They were called Sophists which means "men of wisdom"—for they came as teachers of youth. All the philosophers hitherto had

given lectures to young men, but only on metaphysical themes. Now, Protagoras of Abdera the founder of the school of sophists conceived the idea of preparing such a schedule of studies as would offer a practical education for conduct and civic life—a course of training, not to enable them to reach the ideal truth which was the aim of all philosophy, but simply to make them capable and virtuous citizens. He opened at first four new branches of study or sophistries as they were called; culture, rhetoric, politics and disputation.

It was then simply a movement for higher education to supplement the usual instruction in reading, writing, gymnastics and music. The sophists gave particular attention to grammar, style, poetry, oratory, and thus exercised a great influence on literature, and helped to raise the literary standard of their age. Some of the sophists who followed Protagoras extended the scheme of what we would call to-day "a liberal education," by adding the teaching of science in a popular way. Some made a specialty of preparing men for pleaders in the law courts, others for political debaters. The sophists were before everything—educators. There had been no systematic higher and literary education until they came. And they did much to give to the Athenians their remarkable versatility.

Now there was a fear that a special training for success in debate taught by the sophists, might lead to a desire to win rather than a desire for truth; for the applause of bystanders rather than for honest conviction, that in this way they might be tempted to use brilliant oratory to cover fallacious reasoning. This fear may be well founded, but it would apply equally to all speakers whether trained by the sophists or not. The accusations brought against the sophists that they cared for style more than matter, for effect more than accuracy, were

simply the slanders of enemies; though in its decay some worthless pretenders may have helped to bring degradation on this school of teachers. All schools, all professions and all religions have their black sheep. Some doctors are quacks, some lawyers are unscrupulous, some ministers are hypocrites. These sophists were the first to show the importance of elegance of writing and grandeur of oratory—and without them Demosthenes would have been an impossibility.

To a certain extent even the sublime moral philosopher Socrates was a sophist, for he too believed that it was better to teach young men virtue and excellence than the pursuit of theoretical abstractions, though his aim was higher than that of the sophists, the eventual attainment of truth; theirs, success in life. Therefore, we should say to-day, Socrates was a religious teacher—the sophists, secular teachers. But no one to-day would think of condemning teachers who turned out their pupils, polished gentlemen of culture and practical men of affairs, on the ground that the teachers were not also ministers. But for virtually that reason, and because they taught for pay, instead of gratuitously like the philosophers, the sophists were condemned. Plato and Aristotle had only mildly to criticise their methods for their reputation for all future time to be blackened. Centuries later these founders of our modern college education were believed to be “ostentatious imposters, flattering and duping rich young men for gain, undermining morality, encouraging their pupils in the unscrupulous prosecution of ambition and cupidity.” A sophist came to mean a deceptive pleader who covered his false theories by plausible language. Sophistry came to mean fallacious reasoning. And this historical slander has passed current for 2000 years.

The historian Grote has been among the first to dis-

close the truth about the sophists, to show that they were "a much calumniated race," that there were sophists and sophists just as there were philosophers and philosophers.

The vindication comes almost too late; sophistry as a synonym for sham logic, has passed into language. You will find it so defined, in all the dictionaries, you use the term yourself. The slander will live in spite of the denouement, for error is a power on the earth as well as truth.

Our second picture in illustration of the vitality of error, brings us to a change of surroundings. Since Hellenism and Hebraism represent the two great ideas that divide the world, it seems eminently fitting that having chosen our first example from Greece we should take our second from Judea.

It is as natural for religions as for politics to have their separate parties that give outlet not only to difference of opinion but also to difference of temperament. They even both use the same terms—Conservative and Radical. But in Judea, Church and State were one, so we at times find political parties divided on religious issues, and religious parties divided on political issues. Therefore in describing the Pharisees and Sadducees we cannot separate the ecclesiastic points of divergence from the civil.

The Sadducees were the descendants of the old aristocratic priestly families, and believed in maintaining all the privileges and honors of the priestly class, and confining all religious rites to them. The Pharisees represented the popular class who believed in making Judaism democratic, with every man as his own priest, with the right to perform for himself every ceremonial function. Here was the first difference.

Again the Sadducees were fashionable, worldly, ambitious, believed in cultivating Greek arts and manners, in managing the Jewish State in the way all other governments were directed, in having representatives at the courts of other nationalities, and in endeavoring by their own energies to open up a brilliant political future for Judea. The Pharisees wished little communication with outside nations, because bitter experience had taught that it invariably led to idolatry. They were passionately attached to the Mosaic Law—this religious law they would like to have kept as the law of the land; for they wished no earthly king. God alone was to be their king—the nation should be a theocracy.

This leads to the third difference. The Pharisees were zealous to obey every religious rite written in the Mosaic Law, or implied in our Rabbinical law. They were scrupulously observant of every detail of ceremonial especially with regard to cleanliness and food. Again, they had unbounding trust in Providence, believed in future rewards and punishments, and were therefore deeply submissive to the Divine will. This intense faith made them forbearing, chaste and heroic. The Sadducees were more rational in their principles, but less firm in their beliefs. They believed in the future life, but not in rewards and punishments. They carried out the Mosaic Law with stern strictness, but would not accept the Oral Law.

On the whole the Pharisees were the self-sacrificing, patriotic, pious party of the common people. The Sadducees, the advanced, cultured, worldly party of the aristocracy. Each party had its drawbacks and its compensations. We admire the liberality of the Sadducee, the earnestness of the Pharisee.

But what was remarked in reference to the Sophists—must be repeated here. All parties have their scape-graces

and the Pharisees certainly had theirs. None is more bitter against the false Pharisees than the Talmud itself—the Zebuim the ‘painted ones’ as it calls them, who do evil like Zimri and then claim godly reward like Phineas. In its severe denunciation of false Pharisees it divides them into six classes.

1. Those who do the will of God for earthly motives.
2. Those ostentatious ones who go with slow steps and say, “wait for me I have a good deed to perform.”
3. Those who knock their heads against a wall because never looking up for fear they might see a woman.
4. Those who pose as saints.
5. Those who say—tell me of another duty.
6. Those who are pious, because afraid of God.

Who are the genuine Pharisees asks the Talmud—“They who do the will of their Father in heaven, because they love Him.”

The founder of Christianity also denounced the false Pharisees. His followers have taken up this condemnation and supposed it to apply to *all* Pharisees—forgetting that he himself was a Pharisee of the Pharisees. He denounced those Pharisees who were hypocritical, just as a conscientious democrat would denounce bad Democrats, or a conscientious Republican would denounce bad Republicans. Just as a Christian minister would rebuke Christian hypocrites or a Jewish minister Jewish hypocrites

The whole burden of the teachings of Jesus was against the rich political party in power—who were the Sadducees. He threw in his lot with the masses, the poor, oppressed those who intensely believed in the “kingdom of God—” they were the Pharisees! The Sadducees therefore died out with the fall of the nation, with the destruction of Jerusalem as a political power—but the Pharisees survived as the only Jews. We are the descendants of the Pharisees to-day!

But just because Jesus of Nazareth denounced the false Pharisees, a blind obstinacy has persisted in believing that the condemnation applied to all Pharisees. Henceforward Pharisees were to be known as a race of hypocrites—form-worshippers, observers of ceremonies and ignorers of spirit. To-day Pharisee means a pious fraud, one who uses the cloak of religion to be successful in evil. Turn to Webster to-day and you will find Phariseism defined as hypocrisy in religion. Such I fear, it always will mean. For unlike the Sophists—the Pharisees have not even a Grote to defend them.

It has alas been the lot of our race to be the victims of more popular errors than any other people. We have been the great misunderstood class of history. Among the excuses offered by the Gentile for the persecution of the Jews, the most familiar was that they always stole a Christian child, killed it and used its blood to make their Passover cakes. The innocent Jews humbly denied the slander. But they were not believed and many were butchered each Easter, because of this fancied crime.

At times, some inhuman monsters would deliberately slay a Christian, throw the body into the Jewish quarter and then raise the cry that the Jews had killed a Christian child. But when in every instance the truth was finally disclosed, always *after* the massacre and plunder of the Jews, it might be presumed that the error would be uprooted? Not a bit of it. It was believed strongly the very year after its falsity was conclusively proven, and in the very face of its refutation, new horrors would be committed.

But when the 19th century dawned—the century of enlightenment, when all the cobwebs of superstition were swept away and all the dark corners of erroneous belief were exposed, then surely this absurd and wicked slander would pass out? Alas no! It reappeared every year.

Do you remember the Terza-Esler case in Austria, some twelve years ago; the case in Corfu that occurred within three years, or that recent notorious incident deliberately created by the anti-Semites, to further their fanatic crusade?

And, to think of it, this same accusation was brought against the Christians themselves when they were a small sect persecuted by the Romans! They were said to use the blood of infants in the Eucharistic meetings, "feasting upon a new-born child concealed within a vessel of flour, into which a knife was plunged." I need not add that this accusation against the Christians was just as false as it was against the Jews.

The treasures of the European cathedrals are full of relics of wafers and hosts, that the Jews were said to have pierced and that by special miracle, blood flowed therefrom in consequence. These relics are worshiped annually by the same pilgrims who worship the "holy coat" of the Savior, although two different cities claim to possess this wonder-working treasure.

Week after week misstatements, and misrepresentations about the Jews are thundered from the pulpits, deepening the false impressions about us year by year, infusing all literature with misinterpretations about Judaism and the Bible, until some of the very Hebrews themselves have come to believe—that Judaism was arrested development, that the picture of God in our Bible is stern and cruel, that no spiritual religion was taught till Jesus came, that all virtues and all good take their date from that time. We point to the stubborn facts of history, we point to the prophets, we point to rabbinical ethics, we point to the purity of Jewish domestic life,—the protest is of no use, we are in a hopeless minority. Alas the truth of the Arab quotation "Long is the life of a lie."

What a dreadful time it took the world to believe that the earth was a sphere and not flat and that it moved round the sun, after it was conclusively proven. What a lot of people had to be persecuted before they would accept the facts. What a hard fight the truths of science have had to make their way. How often has beneficent information been postponed by stupidity for hundreds of years.

For 200 years the English believed Oliver Cromwell a hypocrite instead of a patriot; for 1,000 years Mahomet was branded an imposter. For 1,800 years a mortal man has been worshiped as an immortal god and the worship is going on still. During the Middle Ages the Jew was thought to be a four-footed animal and the Talmud a living man. The Catholic church still bases its theological instruction on the scholastic philosophy of Thomas Aquinas, ignoring the fact that this philosophy has been exploded ever since the days of Sir Francis Bacon.

Yes! errors live long and die hard. When we think we have reached truth at last—we find that the fair picture was but the mirage of the desert. Even the mistakes that have been exposed are still crystalized in language.

Half the world to-day is holding fast to the errors that the other half has outgrown. There are millions to day who refuse to be convinced, who persistently deny the self-evident. Falsehood has among its allies prejudice, ignorance and indifference, and it will be a hard fight to lay the monster low.

The Persian legend hath it that Ahriman, spirit of darkness and falsehood, is perpetually struggling with Armuzo, spirit of light and truth. That struggle has been going on as long as man has been upon the earth. When will the end be? When will truth live without a rival—when will the epitaph of error be written?

SENTIMENT AND LAW.

Sentiment and Law.

Reform Judaism is in no sense a completed institution, although it has passed its experimental stage. Nor does it represent one standpoint; it includes many different theories and varying forms. It has already three divisions: Conservatives, Progressives, Radicals. Radicals and Conservatives now stand as far apart as did the Orthodox and the Reform, in the first stages of the latter. To say, then, that one is a Reform Jew does not define his attitude toward Judaism. And even these divisions are not sharply divided by clear cut lines, but they blend into one another.

The Reform school are still making changes from time to time in ritual and in custom. They are trying many things. They are not yet satisfied. I know I am not. I see errors in Reform as well as in Orthodoxy, and will impartially reveal both.

Radicalism has made the mistake of changing too much and changing too quickly. In its eagerness to adapt itself to modern lines of thought and to conform as far as possible to Western surroundings, it has forgotten the value of *individuality*. It is quite as important that our mode of worship should be distinct from that of our neighbors, as that it should be like that of our neighbors. It should be like theirs—because we have many ideas in common; it should be distinct—because we hold some vital ideas that are not shared with us. For those ideas we stand, and if we love them we will not mind standing alone. Then we will even welcome any distinctive feature, particularly if it typifies one of those ideas. We are forgetting that in this world of the commonplace and the prosaic, where each person is much like the next; distinction in the good sense is a great

thing worth even suffering persecution for. When we look back on the past and compare our people with their immoral surroundings, we glory in their distinction among the nations. Young people, impetuous and enthusiastic, often pass through a radical stage in which they would fain sweep away all forms and all differences and cry heroically for the spirit and the ideal. As we grow older and can think more calmly and soberly, we find out how impossible it is always to keep our souls turned to that high pitch, and how helpful suggestive ceremonial is. Age teaches the value of association.

The impatient youth asks, "Why need we read the Bible from that unprinted parchment scroll and in unpunctuated Hebrew, too; why not read it from a plain paper book printed and in the vernacular?" A scroll is the form in which books were made in the days of our ancient ancestors, and skin was the usual material. The Hebrew in which it is written was the language of Israel while it was yet an independent nation. It is unpunctuated, for points and stops are modern innovations, almost as modern as printing. The Hebrew scroll is then a memorial of antiquity, one of the links that bind us to the past. It calls up a host of suggestions: that we Jews ourselves are, as it were, a link between past and present, between Orient and Occident, between the old and the new; that the forms of books, of writings or of tongues may change from age to age, but that there are certain Divine truths and moral principles that are the same throughout all ages; they are the eternal verities, and those truths are written in that parchment scroll, and were first taught in the Hebrew language.

Our prayer-books, indeed, are made as books of to-day, and to a varying extent written in the language of to-day, and the service is read from them, except one small portion read from the scroll, in response to a sentiment

that we all love and introduce everywhere—of preserving among our brand new possessions little bits of the old-cherished relics of bygone days, sweet reminders of an almost forgotten past. And if the relics belong to one's own race, one's own family, how much more highly are they prized. Reverence for the past is despised only by Philistines and Vandals.

We have only to take care that regard for the old assists and does not interfere with duties demanded by our own times; it should enhance them and show them in a new light. The true uses of ancient rites are brought out when they are fittingly subordinated to the needs of the hour, they must not in the slightest degree ignore them.

The past is the foundation on which the structure of the present rests; yet we do live in foundations but on them.

Ceremonies are matters of sentiment. I make against Orthodoxy the charge that it has taken all the poetry out of the ceremonies by making them laws. And so as hard, dry, unattractive forms Reform Judaism has largely rejected them or at least permitted them to fall into decay. But it was and is the duty of Reform not to renounce the old observances, but to idealize them. It may have done that here and there, but not sufficiently. Reform has contented itself chiefly with the negative work of removing abuses. It has pulled down toppling structures—it has cleared the ground. It has not yet taken up the trowel. The harder task, the synthetic work of modern Judaism—the upbuilding work has hardly begun.

Orthodoxy has killed the sentiment in our ceremonies by legalizing them, and has robbed them of their beauty by a literal, crude, prosaic interpretation. Let me illustrate. An old teaching of Judaism is that simplicity

should prevail in all the mournful details of burial. That is a fine idea. In death we are all equal. The distinctions of wealth and poverty, of honor and obscurity, that divide us in life, end⁷ at the grave. To be simple is to return to our early condition, and death is a return to the source whence we came. In the solemn presence of death, vanity, pomp, display, seem hollow mockery. Elaborate decoration irritates the bereaved, quiet simplicity soothes them. But when Orthodoxy stupidly supposes that simplicity means rudeness and roughness, its common pine box, its repulsive shroud, the very name of which makes us shiver, its black cloth often unclean because used on many occasions, and its sheeted mirrors, destroy the original idea. Our feelings are outraged by gross, uncouth details, that tend to make death, sad in itself, ever so much more shocking.

But on the other hand, because the idea of simplicity has been abused, should Reform Judaism neglect it altogether, and forgetting entirely its old teaching, copy in every detail the elaborate decorations of the Gentiles? I say it is our opportunity as Reform Jews to return to the old simplicity taught by our ancestors. I mean simplicity in the spirit, not to define its precise limits within rigid legal formulas, and not harshly to refuse, as an orthodox Rabbi does refuse, to officiate unless certain ceremonial details, indicating the letter but not the spirit of simplicity, are complied with.

Reform Judaism had no right to make any change for change's sake. What purpose, pray, was served by the abolition of the *Chuppah*, the marriage canopy, so completely identified with the ceremony as actually to be used as a synonym for it? What advance idea was implied in its abandonment? Surely we must have a reason for our changes if we wish those changes to be respected. The *Chuppah* is another beautiful sentiment. It typifies

the home of the bridegroom, he takes his bride under the protection of his roof. It is an object lesson in the husband's duty to his wife to shield her from the world, to nourish and to cherish her in the home they will build together, and which her presence is needed to complete.

Again, while asking you to return to that good old custom, I say don't spoil it by rigid interpretation. A canopy of flowers or leaves preserves the same idea, giving it perhaps a final poetic touch.

A further instance. It was customary to build the synagogue toward the East, and to pray facing in that direction. A feeling of affection led our fathers to look toward their old home, where their inspired teachers lived and taught, towards Zion whence came the Law and where their much beloved Temple had once stood. I think we ought to try to maintain this idea wherever we can, but of course not to permit it to stand in the way of important principles and living issues. Therefore I cannot but regret the action taken by the Chief Rabbi of England, who refused to sanction the building of a synagogue unless it faced the East. He stifled the sentiment of religion through the legalism of the Shulchan Aruch. The Shulchan Aruch cannot decide these things for us, any more than it can legislate our feelings. Law kills feeling. Customs grow naturally, taking root in our deepest need,—force them artificially and they will wither.

Our Rabbins made the mistake of reducing all religion to law, attempting to meet by laws every minute religious duty. No opportunity was given for spontaneous religious outburst, for the free play of emotion, for obeying the promptings of the heart, for personal prayer. It was all anticipated in cut and dried laws. Every bowing, every tremor, every beating of the breast was marked out in advance to be applied to speci-

fic passages. Special words had to be fitted into certain places in the prayers for special occasions, as though a prayer were an algebraic formula. Even the mourner was not left in peace but was hedged in with a whole host of laws, as to the nature of the seat on which he should grieve, and the kind of rent that should be made in his garment, when it should be sewn up, either fine drawn or roughly stitched, according to the degree of relationship. Judaism was a voluminous and complicated code. And since it was impossible for everybody to master all these laws, the chief duty of the Rabbi was to study the ponderous volumes of intricate law day and night, in order to be able to answer the ceremonial questions of the people—*posken hashaaloth*, as it was technically called. The Rabbi was in fact a religious lawyer.

But from the one extreme of formulating a specified benediction for every minute detail of life, we have no right to go to the other extreme of completely secularizing all our experience, of banishing the *Berachoth* altogether, and with them the thought of God in daily life, and the association of religion with the duties of home. We may have objected to the old liturgy as being much too long, but it did not justify the reaction of abandoning the morning prayers, the grace after meals and the Passover *Seder*.

I do not wish to imply that this omission has been in any sense sanctioned by Reform, except that in not censuring the neglect, it has to that extent encouraged it. Some persons are unfortunately under the impression that the lighting of Sabbath Lights, the blessing of the children, the Kiddush, and many of those beautiful ceremonies of Judaism that we can never afford to lose, have been abolished by Reform Judaism. It is time that we laid insistance upon the fact that such is not the case, by

dwelling upon them in the pulpit, by teaching them in the Sunday-schools, by practicing them in the homes. There are a good many ways of killing a man besides hanging him; there are a good many ways of making a ceremony a dead letter besides officially abrogating it—one is, by saying nothing about it.

It is the mission of Reform Judaism to spiritualize Judaism just where Orthodoxy has materialized it. The exaggerated importance given to the thousand and one laws about *Kosher* and *Trifa* has stood in the way of great principles. The perpetual intrusion of petty dietary injunctions has justified the criticism that ours was a "kitchen religion." In this city, that monstrous organization and its wonderful equipment simply to see that every ecclesiastical detail with regard to kosher meat is complied with, if solely directed to moral elevation would accomplish vast results. It is sad to think that a so-called Chief Rabbi was imported from Europe almost wholly to supervise its supply, this being considered the greatest religious need. Dietary laws are important for the preservation of health, but they do not belong to the sphere of the synagogue. A good many of us have to practice sundry dietary restrictions not found in the Mosaic code, as to wines, pastry, cheese, etc. These restrictions are identically parallel with those found in Leviticus, and yet we never think of associating them with religion, with man's aspiration towards God.

Instead of abolishing an unæsthetic ceremony, Reform Judaism should so modify it as to bring out the original religious purpose obscured perhaps under an unfortunate form. This it has already done for the Barmitzvah in its broadened Confirmation and for the Mourners' Kaddish—the two strongholds of modern Judaism.

Reform Judaism should encourage *constructive*, not destructive changes. For example, it should change

Chanuka from a minor to a Great Festival, so that our children would look forward to it with as much eagerness as they now, alas, anticipate Christmas. The Ten Penitential Days between New Year and Atonement should be recognized in some form. The Lulav and Esrog on Sukkoth should be supplemented by fruits of our own country, which should all be donations from the congregations and should afterwards be distributed among the poor. On Shevuoth, there should be flowers in the home as well as in the Temple. We must not confine the ceremonies of religion to the Temple. If there be no religious observance in the home, the influence of the Temple is meagre indeed.

Again, when we touch the institutions of Judaism we must not forget that we stand on holy ground. A congregation is not a religious unity, complete in itself, and responsible only to itself. It is but part of a larger whole and it must be willing at times to sink its individuality for the good of that larger whole. It owes duties to other congregations—in fact to the whole community of Israel. In making ritual, it has not fulfilled its obligation by merely considering the wants of its members—it must consider the sentiment of all its brethren. If each individual Rabbi is considered as sufficient authority for all ceremonial changes, and each congregation becomes a law unto itself, then Judaism will split up into as many sects as it has congregations.

There is in fact not enough unity amongst us. There is lacking religious fellowship. We unite for charity but not for worship. Within the one city, congregations become rivals, trying to outstrip each other by the offer of "attractions and novelties" instead of lovingly helping each other as religious bodies should. In this way ritual changes are not always made on their merits, nor as the result of the highest conviction, but often on the

ground of expediency, because they would be popular and would draw. In railing against the undoubted abuses of Orthodoxy, Reform Judaism must not forget that it has abuses of its own, abuses that we cannot shift to the shoulders of past ancestors. We have been in too much of a hurry to realize religious ideals, forgetting Nature's lesson that slow organic growth always precedes the best and the most lasting results. I believe in Reform Judaism with heart and soul, and still I acknowledge that our hardest work is yet to be done.

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GAMBLING.

Gambling.

In Mishna Sanhedrin we are given a list of classes of people whose evidence would not be taken in courts of justice. Among these we find *Metsachek bekubyah*—dice players, and *Mafrichai Yonem*—trainers of doves for racing purposes. Sometimes the indirect information inferred from an old quotation is more valuable than the knowledge directly given. And this old Talmudic law teaches us first, how ancient gambling is, and secondly how early it became a demoralizing agency, so that the words of those engaged in it could not be trusted.

It is a mournful reflection to discover how ancient every kind of evil is; the inventive genius of man seemed to develop quite soon enough to devise all sorts of clever contrivances to pander to the baser passions, as ancient ruins abundantly testify. The sword was invented before the plough, and while devilishly ingenious tortures of most elaborate completeness existed in abundance, even before the days of the Inquisition, we have had to wait almost till the 19th century for labor-saving machinery and sanitary science.

As early as the days of the Judges, we find Samson propounding a riddle that was really a wager, to his friends, promising 30 changes of raiment if they guessed it and exacting the same if they could not. References to a race are found in the 19th Psalm and in the Book of Ecclesiastes. While as far back as we can go in history, we will always find a sphinx legend in some form, where the world is at the feet of him who can guess the riddle, while he who fails is doomed.

Human nature revels in the mysterious—even preferring an element of uncertainty in all its calculations,

which it loves to trust to blind accident. In childhood, while the dark and the unknown terrifies, it at the same time fascinates. It gives opportunity for the play of imagination.

In our earliest years, when laws of nature are but dimly understood, we believe more in chance luck than in cause and effect. But this belief is by no means confined to childhood. An old superstition has encouraged the belief that justice is best obtained by lot, and in olden times men preferred to trust to its decision rather than to fallible human reason; they were fully convinced that if they devised an ordeal of formality to decide between the true and the false, the gods would step in, turning the scale for innocence. And so the wager, the ordeal of fire, the trial by combat, and the duel were at first religious institutions regulated by the law of the land. Hence the absurdity of maintaining the duel to-day to decide a misunderstanding, when it is no longer believed that supernatural powers will defeat the guilty, but that by the laws of cause and effect, regardless of the merits of the fighters, the best swordsman or the best shot will probably win the victory. Still superstitions always survived even their exposure, and many a young woman will prefer to decide her own fate by the throw of a coin or an arbitrary accident, to acting according to the dictates of her own heart.

But although many gamblers to-day hold many superstitions with regard to play, as to occurrence of figures and taking a number from a dream, which are in fact part of their infatuation,—it is the mad love for the daring excitement at gambling and its luring possibilities regardless of its consequences that impels them to give themselves up to it with reckless devotion.

There is a delicious frenzy in hazarding our future and even our lives on uncertainty, in staking everything

on the throw of a die, that masters all other human passions. Even the sirens of drink, of lust, of power, cannot entice the gambler from his worship of the god of chance. And the unfortunate disease grows on what it's fed.

You should see those pale intense faces, with all human softness gone from them, as I saw them gathered around the gaming table at Ostend, breathlessly watching the roll of the ball, until it gradually reached a stand-still at a particular number; brutally oblivious of the outside world and its concerns. Sometimes the degradation is so complete as to make the hopelessly confirmed gambler reckless of honor, reputation, of his very soul.

The milder, healthful exhilaration of innocent pleasures and mirthful pastimes and the sober occupation of business fails to satisfy the man who has learned to keep his pulses at fever heat. Accustomed to stake a year's income in one hour at the Exchange or at the table, he finds the slow and gradual profits of steady and legitimate industry distasteful. He has lost the moral will-power that can patiently submit to the discipline of continuous occupation. Even the young man who has but once tasted the intoxication of the betting fields and wins \$100 on a holiday afternoon feels discontented to have to come back to \$10 a week for ten hours a day, and hears the delusive whisper, whether in addition to the pleasure, the excitement, and the jolly companions of the race-track, it would not pay occasionally to neglect his duties on some excuse and make a comfortable sum. A heavy loss may be his salvation, may awaken him to his folly and cure him in time. Or it may have the contrary effect, urging him to borrow in order to try again to refill his own pockets and repay the debt. A position of trust may afford the opportunity to take, temporarily of course, money that is not his, which he may win back

and return, but which he may lose, and in very fright may borrow more if only perhaps to win and repay it. Need I go any further? You may read the sequel almost any day of the week in almost any of the newspapers.

Gambling is evil in itself, regardless of such unfortunate consequences, that do not always follow. It contributes nothing to the world's substance, or to its good in any form. When men stand around the gambling tables at Monte Carlo, millions may change hands, but not an iota has been added to the world's wealth. What one gains another loses. In legitimate labor the farmer adds to the world's products, while maintaining himself, the merchant who transports it makes a profit and so does the retail dealer; the consumer is certainly benefited by having the commodity gathered from the distance, brought to him for his consumption, through the machinery of trade. All help and all are helped—none need be losers. The teacher, lawyer, doctor, confer benefits, all in their way, and help their kind. Even the entertainer, if the amusement he offers be harmless and relaxing, is of use in our social economy. For we need recreation to re-create us, to fit us for continued labor. Gambling does not even effect this—it exhausts the energies; it saps the vitality, it is more wearing on the physical system than life's troubles. While morally it dries up the feelings and even the natural affections, it destroys the scruples of conscience. it changes a man into a bird of prey and his fellow-creatures become his victims.

Were not the sages of the Sanhedrin right in outlawing the evidence of a gambler? Were not the Pharisees right in mistrusting the Greek culture since in the reign of Herod it introduced dice-playing to the Israelites, as the Greek word *kubia* indicates? Rab Ilai wished to make a distinction in that law that refused the evidence

of gamblers, between those who played for pleasure and those who played for gain. And although the distinction was not accepted, still it is obvious there are some important differences. A professional gambler is no gambler at all—he thrives on the mania for play of other people. It is no question of risk or uncertainty with him. For even if his cards are not marked, his dice not loaded and he uses no confederate, he has mastered by long study the intricacies of the game, and those who play with him are no match for his superior skill. He is no gambler—he rather belongs to the sharpers and swindlers and should be dealt with by the law as any other rogue. On Wall street there is an important difference between men of the type of Fisk and Gould, Ives and McLeod of Reading notoriety, and men like Vanderbilt and Pierpont Morgan, although a superficial public may not always discriminate. There is finally a distinction between those who spend much of their time at the race tracks and the gambling clubs, and those who play in the evening once or twice a week, with just enough money at risk to give the game zest, but not enough to seriously involve themselves to affect their business or their health.

Yet it is a question not easy to answer where card-playing as pure recreation ceases, and where card-playing as gambling begins. It does not depend upon the amount, for what would be an embarrassing sum for a young clerk would be nothing for a retired merchant. Or fortunes being equal, what would be felt as small by the extravagant may be considered large by the parsimonious. It depends upon the emotions. If the interest in the amount involved, however small it may be, is greater than the interest in the game itself, then it is gambling. There are some games so entirely devoid of thought or skill and so purely dependent on chance,

that they nearly always run to gambling. There are games of cards that demand such mental alertness as to be of absorbing interest in themselves regardless of the stake involved. It seems to me that a legitimate amusement should be sufficient in itself for pleasant recreation without having to borrow interest by involving loss and gain.

But card-playing in its most innocent form does certainly not take rank amongst the highest and most refined forms of pleasure. It does not help towards cultivation as do so many amusements; it often unfits for other and better enjoyments. We may judge people by their recreations better than by their occupations. When I learn of ladies who, day after day, spend afternoons playing poker at each other's houses, when I learn of men doing the same nightly—not even excluding the Sabbath eve, I cannot but regret the pity of it. I cannot but feel, that carried to that extent, it is debasing. I think that such an example is most unfortunate for our Gentile neighbors and for our own children. In the latter, it may awaken a distaste for reading at an age when reading is most important for mind culture and the formation of character.

This is an old evil in Israel; they have always seemed to drift toward speculation. They may even have been among the first to bring cards to Europe from the East. In the Middle Ages it had become such a vice, I learn from some interesting data published on the question, that in 1628, the Rabbis of Venice published a decree of excommunication against those members of the congregation played cards. Every Jewish devotional book published at the time was sure to contain a tirade against cards. It always expressed the chief warning of fathers to sons. And many weak-willed souls fearing its evils actually signed pledges not to touch cards, just as people

to-day sign pledges not to touch liquor. We know that this love of speculation tempts even the poor Jews in all quarters of Europe, to spare a little from hard-earned wages, to take a fraction of a ticket in a Dutch lottery.

To-day, let us confess it, we have earned the unenviable distinction of being particularly prone to gambling in our clubs, at hotels and in our homes. Many of the evils of Monte Carlo have been introduced at Long Branch and Saratoga. This is most sad when found as it so frequently is among our young men, and that is the reason why you older people who know what responsibility is, who do not as a rule gamble at cards, but who play innocently, and who have earned the right to larger leisure and greater indulgence, should be so very careful as to the example you are setting. There is a profound maxim in the Rabbinical Code, which says, it is not sufficient not to do wrong but for the good of example, we must even refrain from that which may appear to be wrong. Be very careful that your example of too frequent though harmless card-playing may not be misunderstood by the younger people as a defence of card-playing in any form; and—just because youth will not discriminate—lest it serve as excuse for them to cross that narrow border line that changes an innocent pastime into a guilty passion. Once the fatal poison to gamble has infected the moral system it will seek other methods of gratifying it. If we wish to bet we can bet about anything, from a Presidential election to a walking match. Even a legitimate business can venture so far in daring speculation as to be little less than a gambling concern in disguise. Such Jewish convicts as we have are mostly young Americans between the ages of 16 and 30 who have been led to vice and crime by card-playing, horse-betting and “sports” generally.

I am shocked to notice how completely *au fait* the boys

are with all the slang of the turf, how keenly they follow all sporting news, and that they indulge in betting before they are out of school. The details of the New Orleans lottery scheme, kept before the eyes of the public for so long could not but have had injurious effect. There they saw public officials—the representatives of the people—men holding important posts of responsibility, who from such exalted positions were naturally looked up to as examples, for the young generation who would succeed them, shamelessly betray their public trust to legalise a gambling institution and by permitting the State to accept part of its profits, to give it thereby moral countenance. A State much nearer to us, roused to righteous indignation, was but yesterday fighting a similar battle against its own leaders, who were betraying the interests of their constituents in the interests of a race-track. When such causes are pleaded in high places, humbler people may well ask themselves, what is right and what is wrong.

For this reason I feel opposed to "chances" at Fairs for charitable and religious institutions, even though I confess to have taken part in them, and aided them myself. Anything approaching the Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means, is morally pernicious. No means that are bad should be accepted to further ends that are good, because, even though the particular end may be safely effected, a loophole has been made in the consciences of the workers, for dangerous sophistry that may in some other emergency tempt them to resort to all sorts of questionable methods for ends that may easily be considered righteous; for to provide for our wives and children for instance is a righteous end. I have no hesitancy in saying that some weak natures may take refuge behind the Church Fair as offering excuse for attendance at gambling dives. In any event, the example

is most unfortunate of a religious institution, resorting for its support to a practice to condemn which, is one of the reasons of its existence. The pious fraud is a result of just such jugglery with moral issues. Let us not venture too near the ragged edge of virtue, but keep well within its boundaries.

A long and useful experience has surely taught us all that the right way is always the best way, and in the end the shortest way. There is no royal road to learning—nor to success—and woe to those who are waiting for accident or fate to lift them suddenly into fortune that their own energies cannot win for themselves. I call that a form of gambling all the more insidious because unconscious. The old gods are still half believed in, and like the ancient Greeks, some thoughtless moderns believe that the hidden fates are weaving our destinies as they spin their invisible threads. We must give up these old delusions. The Fates like the Muses are but the poetic figments of imagination—the baseless fabric of a dream. Our destinies are in our own hands, and we must weave our own lives.

There is no such power as Luck in the economy of God's universe. It is almost idolatry to speak of it, for every evil and every good can be traced back to reasonable causes. Do not foolishly depend on blind chance, but trust alone the material and moral forces with which our Father has endowed each of His children to work out their own salvation.

SIN AND DUTY.

Sin and Duty.

There is a popular delusion that religions in their codes of law and specified precepts cover all the detailed duties of man and every phase of sin. Offences against the state are codified within a certain degree of completeness—but not the offences against God. The only tablets on which man will find his every duty written and his failings recorded are the tablets of his heart. They do not always tell the same behest, but like dissolving views change for each occasion. No one can tell you when you are wrong, so well as you, yourself. It is true that there are certain fundamental duties, and certain fundamental crimes that nearly all people recognize—though even here there is divergence.* But neither Judaism nor any other religion in their books of Law can specify every human obligation; that would be impossible. The Ten Commandments give a few cardinal duties, so does the 16th Psalm, so does Micah. The Shulchan Aruch specifies as many as 613 precepts, but they consist mostly of details of ceremonial. All duty for all men could never be codified—it belongs to the infinities; nor is duty the same for all men. You may stand in a position with conflicting calls upon you, in which precise position no other human being has ever stood. In no code of law or manual of ethics will you find out what is your distinct duty in this instance.

* There are certain kinds of murder and suicide sanctioned by barbaric religions. A Thug is a conscientious strangler; Suttee—compulsory suicide is duty for an Indian widow; self-immolation under the Juggernaut is an Oriental form of piety. Even here in the United States, what is legal marriage in one State is incest on the statute books of another.

You must decide for yourself. Of course you will find general principles that may cover the case, but everything lies in the application of the principle. Nor can even another advise you, for in the very way in which you tell the case, you may half consciously give it a certain bias that will decide his answer. There may be certain shades of difference between these two duties before which you stand in doubt—that would be hardly capable of coherent explanation—you feel them easier than you can utter them. But they all enter into your final decision.

For this reason must we be so very cautious in judging others. We see the act, with some of the attending circumstances—we may even guess pretty accurately at the dominant motive. But that is all. Of a thousand little additional details that decide his action—you can never know, he hardly knows all of them himself—some of the inner deciding promptings hardly coming to the surface of consciousness at all. No one man should be as severely judged for the same offence as another, first because no one man is exactly like another, secondly because the attending circumstances can never be entirely the same, and thirdly because the mood in which the act is committed may be different.

For moods vary. At times you feel more righteous than at others. In certain moods you could almost commit a crime, from which in other moods you would recoil in horror. At one time you will think in surprise of what a strange person you were at another time. Therefore a man's guilt before God, must be measured somewhat by the mood in which he sinned. There are moments when you feel so exalted that you would be capable of great heroism or self-renunciation. It is a pity that when you feel that way you don't act—instead of letting the lofty sensation pass over you without

using it for good. To waste your best moments by inaction, is like pouring treasure into the sea. It always for instance seems to me so unfortunate when we let our exquisite waves of compassion run off into mere useless pity, instead of directing them into some tangible aid and thereby giving to the good impulse which otherwise would be momentary, a sort of permanency—an immortality. On the other hand, it is a good thing if you let your bad moments pass off in harmless passion. Shut yourself up in your room and storm and rage there, and then when the fit is over, come out a sane and reasonable man. Alas, if we give an immortality to our bad moments by committing our deeds then—how many crimes are due to that.

From these reflections you see how complicated are duty and sin, and how careful we must be in deciding. Faults and virtues do not stand isolated in books of moral maxims; they become faults or virtues only in connection with individuals. Mind and conscience must first be educated before we can recognize sin at all. And in the sight of God nothing is a sin unless the soul recognizes it as such. Therefore

“The beast—unfettered by the sense of crime
To whom a conscience never wakes,”

does not sin, however brutal and savage it may act.

Even a very young child cannot be punished for selfishness or untruthfulness, it can only be instructed. More deeds are sins to a civilized man than to a savage, for nigher education has taught the former to recognize as wrong, what the untutored conscience of the latter would regard with indifference. For this reason even our secular and medical codes of law are constantly changing with the constant higher development of man, and with his spiritual growth. What one age permits another age will condemn. We are constantly dropping

both from our political and religious codes, needless restrictions and formal injunctions that uselessly hamper the liberty of man, and are replacing them by regulation that are moral and helpful.

But as I have already indicated these can never cover the whole sphere of duty for the individual. He must often be a law unto himself. The author of the Book of Judges wishing to explain the roughness of the times that he describes says, "every man did what was right in his own eyes." If it is meant to imply as it certainly does that there was no organized justice or police or armed authority—we can understand that such condition would encourage in some, lawlessness and violence. But in the realm of higher duties every man must ultimately do what is right in his own eyes—must be a law unto himself. Our conscience is our last and highest authority. It is the closest means by which man can learn the will of God. The directing voice of conscience is higher than the voice of any oracle, or any other individual clothed with sacred authority, or the word of any holy book. If your own soul declares your deed wrong—nothing can make it right. The fact that you think your deed wicked makes it so.

What is sin for one is not sin for another. If you think it wrong to kindle fire on the Sabbath, and you nevertheless kindle it, then it is a sin for you, just as decidedly as stealing would be. But if you so interpret that Mosaic command as to consider the lighting of fire harmless, then it is not a sin for you. In this way two persons may stand before the same injunction, which is sin for one and not for another. But you will say, "following that same line of argument, then if a man considers stealing no sin, and if it obtains the approval of his conscience, then it is no sin?" Very true. But here is the importance of wise education of conscience.

Centuries of experience of thought and noble striving after betterment has established the enduring right of certain things and the undoubted wrong of others. These are the golden maxims of life, the fundamental teachings of all religions, the foundation of all civilized society. They belong to the first rudiments of all education, and are so early and so thoroughly implanted that they become as it were a part of the organized conscience of the community and the laws on which it works. So no civilized being, doubts the evil of falsehood, stealth, murder, unchastity and violence. In all our reasonings we take those at least as axioms which need not be reasoned out again.

Therefore the danger to society of anarchists who would call into question even fundamental laws, and ask us to doubt and reconsider those enduring principles of life and duty, to the truth and necessity of which successive ages of wise and good men have borne testimony and stamped with their approval. Either accept this or regard all civilization as a mistake, deny all improvement and growth, and doubt the concentrated wisdom of all humanity.

The attitude of these deluded zealots at least holds out to us a warning, that in acting according to the dictates of our conscience as I said we should, and in adhering to that which is right in our own eyes, that we must weigh and ponder before deciding. One of our duties is to find out what is duty; and if we evade an ordeal of painful thought to get at the absolute right, and impatiently act by guess-work, or are content with approximation—why then we sin in the process of deciding our action, apart from the sin we may commit in the action itself. My chief purpose then in dwelling on this, is not so much to tell you to fulfil your obligations, as to show you the importance of tirelessly and earnestly

searching for those obligations—they wont always come to you,—and to demonstrate the vital necessity of your being keenly alert in deciding what is right and wrong for you, since no one else can do it for you, and since by the way in which you decide right and wrong for yourself, do you determine your haracter.

Conscience can be educated, expanded, distorted, dulled or even killed, and those perpetual decisions of yours—saying, “this I think right,” “this I think wrong,” and acting on them, is moulding your conscience in all these different ways. Show me the book of morals that your nature has finally drawn up, and I will tell you what you are.

For we all do unconsciously draw up such a code, and I wish to point out a fatal error that we nearly all make. We are all of us more sensitive to sins of commission than to sins of omission. You would not actively commit a wrong, perhaps though you might passively commit the sin of not doing a certain good when the opportunity was there. We are all more guilty of negative sins than of positive sins. This is where our self-delusion comes in; we do not always think that the abstaining from good may be evil, and that there is no middle, neutral ground between them.

Like the school-boy when called to account we say, “I didn’t do anything,”—exactly. We have our finger on the sore spot—the sin of doing nothing. No life that is empty is sinless. My experience with most of those I meet is that everything beyond being a law-abiding citizen, and supporting one’s family is considered as entirely voluntary—a sort of extra beyond the bounds of actual duty—an overweight granted out of the pure goodness of heart. If they do a little spasmodic charity, they think they have done such a great thing—such a *mitzveh*—and pat themselves on the back in satisfied self-complacency.

We must enlarge the realm of our distinctly recognized duties, and so cultivate our conscience to that higher degree, that we will be dissatisfied with ourselves unless our obligations cover that extended field. That vast territory of useful activity, in which fine shades of virtue begin to be exercised, that lies beyond the populous centre of the necessary duties of mere respectable existence—we treat too much, like some foreign land, to visit which lies beyond our moral means—some remote sphere, far beyond the temperate zone, which only the boldest explorer in the undiscovered depths of the soul would venture to direct his sails. We each map out our own lives in a way and our own little world of work, and there are some people who make for themselves such a small world, who recognize so few duties to others, thinking themselves highly praiseworthy if they but keep out of the clutches of the law, that, in their selfishness and hardness and meanness. most of you, whose lives are fuller and worthier, would shrink from them in disgust. But there are others, again, whose conception of obligation is so much higher than yours, who voluntarily live in the poor quarters of town, in the Tenth Ward of New York, in Whitechapel of London, simply to influence the lives of the less fortunate for good, who would, perhaps, in their turn, shrink from you in disgust in your comfortable, pleasure-seeking lives. Here we see what varying degrees of duties may exist even within the limits of respectable society.

Think of the different standard of duty that these people have set up as compared with some of yours. So lofty is their view of life, that to live as comfortably as opportunity would permit them, they would regard as a species of sinfulness. I meet, on the other hand, so many young women whose lives are practically empty, full of frivolity and idleness. They may, perhaps, play at a

little make-believe charity, but it is only a make believe. There are young married women, again, who think that if they but just take care of their small families, aided by plenty of expensive assistance, that the rest of their time may be conscientiously spent at the *kaffee-clatch*, or what not, and so they live their selfish lives. Most excellent and respectable and irreproachable people! Their husbands are industrious and honest, and pass their evenings at the club playing cards, but nobody could say a word against them. They pay their bills and support their families—even go to Divine service twice a year.

God help the world if it were made up entirely of such people. Life means struggle and persistent effort; improvement comes from sheer persevering strife with evil and animal forces. In this way humanity has ripened with pains and tears and heart throes and fearless moral courage and noble self-denial. Nothing good has come easy to man. He has had to fight for liberty, knowledge, equality, right, morals, freedom of conscience—he has had to bleed for these things and die for them, that others after might live by them and enjoy them. Is it all over now? Have we reached the acme of excellence in anything? Is there to be no heroism in the nineteenth century? Are all the struggles over? The cry of the hungry is just as bitter. The problem of labor is just as intricate. Have we reached our political ideal? Of course we have not. Our State institutions are full of abuses. We know that religion is not what we would have it. Modern inventions have not removed crime; prisons are still full. Look at that awful, shocking side of life, on which Dr. Parkhurst cast a light for a moment.

Have we time for comfortable leisure with these things before us? Are they not our duties—yours and mine—just as much as anybody's? Is it not, then, a kind of sin-

fulness to shut this out from our sight and knowledge, and simply to hoard up for ourselves, and to give all our thought and all our work just for self? Might not a sensitive conscience construe this neglect into just as real a sin as embezzlement or perjury?

The principle I wish to enunciate, then, is the larger the number of useful actions that you have brought within the sphere of your duties, and to neglect which you would consider sin, the nobler you are. This is the measure of your character and your worth. We judge nations, as individuals, by what they brand as wrong. Some people never fall below their own standard of right, and never disobey the voice of their own conscience; but their standard is so low and their conscience so slightly developed, that they are much meaner creatures than others who do not always come up to their own ideal of right, because that ideal is so very, very high.

Some of you may have made it your duty to look into the lives of your employes, to keep them straight when out of the store, and, even by constant inquiry, to keep an eye on their families, and feel conscious-stricken, now that, in the turmoil of financial troubles, this accustomed duty has been somewhat neglected. While those who consider that in no way their concern, as lying entirely outside of their duty, don't feel in the least disturbed. The approval of your conscience is not enough; it is the quality of your conscience that should give you most concern. Better not to get quite the approval of a very sensitive, active, remorseless conscience than the complete approval of a dormant, sleepy, comfortable conscience. Israel, not quite obedient to Jehovah, was higher and better than Canaan, quite faithful to Baal.

Some lives are perfectly harmless and perfectly empty. No particular excellence and no particular failing,

except that monstrous failing of—no particular excellence. They would not commit a crime for the world, nor an act of heroism either. Two boys write compositions. One has no grammatical errors, no bad spelling, no blots, no ridiculous notions, and yet there is nothing in the composition. The writing of the other is full of mistakes, has to be revised on every line, but the teacher sees in it the spark of genius. There are some failings that are almost the accompaniments of great virtues that meaner natures are entirely free from. But now beware, lest you take comfort from some of your failings as an indication of possible greatness. Evil is a very poor sign of good. Self-deception is the most hopeless of all deceptions.

Look more strictly to yourselves, and don't take too much in character for granted. Remember every time you reveal a new sin, you reveal a new possible excellence—that's how man improves. It is stepping higher. Some carry their obligation to others as to abstain from intoxicating drink, because the example may encourage drunkenness to weaker natures, and not to deal at the large stores, because they may ruin the small shopkeepers. I do not say that you should do either of these things. I simply instance them, to show you how large the sphere of duty may be made by good and loving men and women, who ponder day by day to devise new means of helping others, and rejoice when a new mode of helpfulness dawns upon them, though it will mean a new sacrifice. One of our confessions should always be, how much there is to do in this world that God has given us, and how little we have done.

THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART,
THERE IS NO GOD.

27

*The fool hath said in his heart,
there is no God.*

The Hebrew word נָל translated "fool," might better be translated knave. It really means the vicious churl who deliberately denies the good. The deniers of religious doctrines have been more leniently treated in Jewish Law and Practice than in any other of the religions of mankind. Judaism has always held men responsible for their works rather than for their beliefs. For we cannot so deliberately decide just what we shall believe, as we can just what we shall do. Our reason moves in spite of us. I could never understand how men claiming to be religious should have seized those who believed differently from themselves, tied them to stakes and permitted them to burn at slow fires. In most of these historic instances, if there was any choice of belief between persecutor and victim, I think you would have felt inclined to side with the martyred heretics. Often the so-called unbelievers were only unbelievers in things unbelievable, but all the deeper believers in things rational and good. It is ridiculous to ask people to believe in God, as some ecclesiastical Diet or Synod may decide. That is certain death to real religious feeling. The conscience cannot be adjusted to suit the last convention or even the majority vote. We must be true to ourselves if we would be true to God.

Many have become doubters only because their deep soul could not contain a shallow fancy or a monstrous delusion. "There's more real faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in half the creeds," said Tennyson. Some people never doubt only because they never think. Therefore better the man striving to reach the core of

things, anxiously wrestling with doubt, than he, who mechanically wears the yoke of tradition and worships in listless conformity.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God," should he therefore be condemned? May not the sceptic be just as honest as the man of faith?

There are believers and there are believers—there are deniers and there are deniers. There are certain phases of belief and faith that are indications of character. To a certain extent our beliefs decide what we are: to be able to believe, to be gifted with faith is often the test of a great soul. To be deprived of this privilege, of this trust in the Infinite God and in the infinite good, often implies a grave deficiency in disposition. For the depth of our belief is often the measure of our greatness. We must likewise distinguish between belief and belief. There are believers who are vicious creatures—but you will find that their beliefs are not real and vital. There are unbelievers noble and self-denying, but you will find they are unconscious believers. For no real belief in a vital idea could end in itself, without leaving its impress on our being, any more than a red hot bar could be laid on a block of wood and leave no mark of its presence.

Belief is not like a garment that can be doffed and donned at pleasure, it is rather like our network of nerves, a part of ourselves, growing with us and inseparable from us to the last day. You cannot tear apart your real beliefs from yourselves, because they are yourselves, and what you feel and what you do, what you are and what you will become depends upon the convictions of your soul.

Now we are nearer to the meaning of our text—"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."

Notice how closely allied are faiths in God and in

man. When you begin to lose faith in one you have learned to trust, you will find yourself losing faith in the Invisible God. With the sinking of high human trust, the dignity of life sinks too. On the other hand, you cease to believe in your own better self when you doubt the existence of the everlasting ideal that was your guide and copy. Thus the finer impulses begin to dull and you find yourself a meaner creature than you were. Very often the moral nature of a pure innocent creature has been completely unhinged by an act of baseness and betrayal, which has often led to religious denial and spiritual abandonment.

For belief in God includes belief in nobility of man, in goodness of the world, in the dignity of life, just as surely as fruit and flowers and vegetation imply roots hidden somewhere. God is a vast word and means, love and righteousness—it means endless power to create and to endure, and to make justice the foundation of the world. It means supreme consciousness and supreme life. Only a fool could say there is no God. Oh, what a worse than fool to stand in this vast universe godless and alone. To think that all is here by chance, and whether we rise or fall, whether we flourish or collapse into the yawning abyss of forgetfulness, all depends on the blind, unguided movement of a chaos of atoms. None so solitary as he who knows not the great and everlasting Friend. “With orphaned heart he mourns beside the immeasurable corpse of nature.” Yes, corpse for the animating soul of God is gone. Oh, to die and to have to leave one's children in such a world!

Faith in God does not depend upon logic or argument. We cannot teach faith any more than we can teach parents to love their children. The best sentiments cannot always be argued, they go too deep for reason. We must not confuse moral conviction with

intellectual conviction, for here is the distinction between religion and philosophy, between the metaphysical and the practical. Conduct is not a mere deduction from reason, although the utilitarians try to make it so.

You cannot be convinced of God outside of you if you do not find God within you. For if we think the world be petty and godless and animal, it is because we are petty and godless and animal, and see reflected the unflattering vision of ourselves. To believe in God is a moral education. I do not mean such a belief in God as is shared by many I daily meet. A belief inherited, but not felt, a belief mechanical, but not real; a belief that does not influence—that is not at all that vivid belief that touches every nerve. God to such is but a shadowy idea. They may repeat the *שבע ישראל*. They may add *וְאָהַב* “Thou shalt love God,” but they do not love God. He is too far away from their thoughts and their feelings and their interests: they believe in the existence of God as they believe in the existence of Africa. Even while praying to Him they are not thinking of Him. And only when danger comes and they fear an impending calamity, do they ask themselves “How near are we to God?” For remember there are atheists in practise—*i. e.* those who believe in the existence of a divinity, yes,—but He is away outside of our human world; not influencing human lives or human doings, but leaving good and bad alike to shift for themselves. This denial of Providence, of the continual nearness of our Maker about us and in us, I call practical atheism.

The reason, the belief of some of you in God is so shadowy and doubtful is first, because you think that faith is a something that will come of itself. Faith needs the education of self-discipline, the cultivation of the spirit and earnest religious meditation.

Just as belief in God implies other beliefs, so denial

of God involves many other denials. It is these other denials that are its practical consequence, that will most appeal to you. The denial of God leads first to the denial of the soul. It brings us to the dreary conclusion that we are nothing more than clods of earth kept going by chemical combustion. Life and thought and feeling are reduced to mere mechanical and automatic action like an electric motor, and when the supply is exhausted, the person dies, just as a fire goes out. Thus the denial of God means the denial of man, I mean man as a responsible creature, man as something more than the beast that seeks its carnal appetite, man as touched with the divine spark that breathes love and inspiration and glorious self-denial and martyrdom.

“The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.” If God is not, then there is none beyond or above us—we have no ideal for progress—no higher power or higher goodness, as our standard of perfection, to spur our moral emulation. No grander model from which to shape our lives. But we ourselves in all our weakness and insufficiency and wavering aims, would stand the highest in the universe. Take God out of the world, what a poor world it becomes. Though our virtues be small 'tis inspiring to feel that there is an infinite source of all virtues; virtue itself grows larger. Though our power be limited, there is assurance in knowing that it is but a modicum of a boundless Power that is directing all things. It makes us better to realize the greatness and the grandeur of the world.

Denying God leads to the denial of what we call the moral sense. Conscience is explained away. “What is it?” ask the atheist. Schopenhauer answers, one-fifth fear, one-fifth superstition, one-fifth prejudice, one-fifth vanity, one-fifth custom. Thus are the very foundation stones of morality loosened. We are on this theory

kept from errors, by a combination of errors equally despicable. Thus even righteousness is dissolved into a something almost unrighteous. The gold of goodness turns out a dross of pretence when passed through the atheistic crucible. We are not surprised to find the school of deniers wishing to eliminate from our dictionaries—on the one hand—merit, and on the other hand—guilt, by classing the latter with disease and the former with self-interest. Duty ceases to be a divine messenger, but is simply a phantasm made up of desire and fear, and thus all moral distinctions are broken down. And all the grand array of virtues for which we have so struggled are contemptuously defined as sensation, passion, a bubble in the blood. We have almost reached the lowest rung of degradation in this gloomy philosophy of denial when life is compared to an ass going to market with a bundle of hay before it, who sees nothing but the bundle of hay. And so step by step, we are prepared for this final definition of another materialist, "mankind is a rascal, the world lives by humbug, so will I." Might not a reasoning from the text, "The fool hath saith in his heart there is no God," lead in our heart to saying, 'I know no authority for the Ten Commandments—all these laws may-be a mistake. I will be a libertine, a debauchee—I'll have my fling. Let us eat and be merry."

And so I find that the godless state is generally the cynical state. The deniers of God, the soul and conscience, become the deniers of that better and purer side of human endeavor. They fail to see God in history, in progress, in natural law, in human nature. They become sceptical of every disinterested good, and ask how much was paid for it. They say every man has his price. They explain heroism by ambition, and martyrdom by vanity. They sneer incredulously at the virtue

and innocence of woman, and if acknowledging it at all, give material and selfish explanations. They rob marriage of its ideal side and even love is seen only in its lower and carnal phases. At this hopeless picture of man, all human endeavor seems to be a mistake, and all struggles for higher good or any good, for betterment of character and discipline seem to be useless and vain. The nerves of perseverance are cut, generous enthusiasm is discouraged, and we can but settle down into the ignoble despair of a disgraceful pessimism. The lives of the great heroes are exhumed and pulled to pieces. Moses is a pretender, Samuel and the prophets are politicians, Socrates a vain bore, Washington a drunkard, Cromwell a hypocrite, Mahomet an impostor. And so the moth of negative cynicism and brutal denial eats away our fairest pictures and denounces them as the idle dreams of a credulous age.

Enough of this filthy philosophy. Humanity, its patience exhausted, calls out in rebellion: "Show us an untainted good, or our souls will starve." We will look at another picture. There was a man who lived in the land of Uz, and none have yet decided to what age he belonged—what matter? His name was Job—a name that dispels the spirits of darkness and evil. All the human misfortunes that the saddest lives know entered into his—loss of wealth, loss of children, physical agony. "Dost thou still hold fast thine integrity? Renounce God and die," said his companion. And Job replied: "Thou speakest as one of the foolish speak. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God and not receive evil? Is my righteousness more than God's? The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." That is what is meant by faith. A belief that stands such a test—a firmness in right that cannot be broken by trials and pain. Such is the faith that I

assert is not an accident of mind or a deduction of logic, but an indication of sterling character. Such is the faith that does not come of itself by drift of thought, but has to be fought for by wrestling with evil, and, by super-human effort, holding fast to good. I stated at the beginning that we Hebrews rather despise faith simply. It seems too theoretical. That is true only of a certain phase of faith. "What matter what a man believes if his life is right?" you ask. You are correct. But you will find always, if you probe deep enough, a right faith behind that right life that alone makes it possible. The man may call himself a sceptic; but you will see that when you touch his belief in the all-pervading moral law, in the inevitable Divine Power in the world and in him that is making for righteousness, when you touch the belief that we owe duties somewhere, that the good is beautiful and must be sought, then you will find he is not sceptical, but these beliefs are the very fibre of his being, the warp and woof of all his actions.

The author of Ecclesiastes is called a scoffer sometimes, but he said this: "Though a sinner do evil a hundred times and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God." Place it side by side with the text: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Between these two attitudes we see the difference between religion and irreligion. "Righteousness tendeth to life," has been ever the watchword of our people.

Our ancestors did not despise faith and belief when it came to the martyr's test. Hide the principles of religion as you will behind ceremonies and formulas and conventional usages, these foundations must always be there. Without a hidden source up in the hills somewhere, the river would soon dry up, mighty as it looks at the harbor. Without a perennial spring of faith somewhere up

in the hidden depths of the soul, the inspiration for noble deeds will soon exhaust itself. The good physician looks not to symptoms, but to the hidden root of disease, though he may have to trace it back even to a succeeding generation.

Let us look at the text once more before closing. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Taking the word, fool, in its popular signification, there is a fine piece of sarcasm implied here. The sceptics think themselves so critical and so clever. All else are living in a fool's paradise. They alone see and know things as they are. Yet, very often the unbeliever, wishing to be wise above all knowledge, plunges into a darkness deeper than all ignorance—a blindness more incurable than that of the "common herd," as they call the people whom they so thoroughly despise. What is true knowledge? Is it not to be wise with a wisdom that is goodness? Are not these two texts one idea, looked at from the positive and the negative side: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God;" "The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord; to fear God, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, that is understanding."

So I know no higher wisdom than that of him whose fine moral penetration sees God even in the darkness of adversity, and whose spiritual insight has learned to declare, even in the midst of misfortune נִגַּם זֶה לְרַעֲיוֹנִי. Oh, the grandeur of the soul ever led by that faith that can "wait for the salvation of the Lord," whose belief does not shift with circumstance, but whose reliance on God is so deep and so complete that no calamity can disturb it. Let us strive to acquire that uncomplaining patience that has learnt to labor and to wait, and slowly the light will grow. And though Divinity be invisible because spiritual, though none can see the face of God and live,

yet will we follow His unseen guidance, and never give up the precious faith that feels that virtue is the highest good, and lives the faith it feels. This is religion, this is godliness.

Faith and Reason.

BY REV. DR. MAURICE H. HARRIS.

We cannot hide our eyes to the growth of unbelief, The scepticism of the nineteenth century is even deeper than the scepticism of the eighteenth; then the freethinkers were for the most part deists, now they are for the most part materialists. There is a growing fear that knowledge is killing religion—that they stand to each other in inverse ratio, and the more we know the less we believe.

We are terrified at our own discoveries, and are alarmed at the bewildering infinities that our researches are opening up. Science has revealed to us a much vaster universe than was ever pictured by the unaided imagination of our ancestors. But though theoretically God is nearer to us—since His omnipresence is more thoroughly demonstrated—practically He is further away from us, lost in His own immensity. Again those two great principles of evolution: “natural selection” and “the survival of the fittest,” have made the universe well-nigh automatic, and almost explained away the need of Providence. While some seem to feel that evolution has magnified creation in general, but minimized man in particular; that he is no longer the centre of the universe with all things made for his benefit, but that he simply represents a stage—the highest stage it’s true—in creation. There is no longer a gap between him and the “brutes that perish;” perhaps he is a brute that perishes himself.

While progress of science has awakened these fears, the advance of philosophy has also given cause for alarm. The far-reaching application of cause and effect threatens to rob man of freedom of will and hence of personal responsibility.

Some disciples of the Utilitarian School explain away human worth, saying we are no more responsible for our sins than for our diseases. But tell to the masses at large that good deeds are not to be accounted to their merit and that they are not to be blamed for evil,—then we will undermine the morals and even the stability of society.

All these new theories have increased man's doubts—have made him less sure of the immortality of the soul, or even of the distinct existence of the soul at all. That teaching of Antigonus ben Socho, that we should do good for its own sake and not for the sake of reward or for the fear of punishment, has been carried too far when it is used to eliminate the hope of future life. The old fear of punishment in the future, which I am proud to say never played any figure in Jewish theology—so that a Jewish Dante is almost as unthinkable as a Jewish John Ward, Preacher—may well take its departure. But it is not well if that old fear is followed by a dread more awful even than eternal punishment—viz. that we and our doings are entirely ignored by the powers above. The thought of punishment may have its terrors, but the thought of neglect is still more terrible. When man fears less, he hopes less. If we take from the future its consequences, we take from life its enthusiasm.

Now, is it true that as we know more we feel less? Does knowledge make us cold? Does the fact that we have learned the causes of so many things lessen our sense of reverence? Is science the enemy of religion after all? Is ignorance necessary to faith?

If these conclusions were true they would fill us with melancholy and dismay. We would really be progressing backwards. The ignorance of savagery would have been the golden age. The tree of knowledge would indeed be the disenchanter, driving us from the garden of hope and ideals to the gloomy desert of a despairing reality.

Let us hasten to reassure ourselves at the outset. *Faith is not the measure of our ignorance.* The people who say that religion is only needed by the masses who cannot reason—do not know what they are talking about. No greater libel against religion was ever uttered than that. In J. S. Mill's wonderful essay on "Liberty," he says they who least appreciate liberty are those most in need of it. I may say the same of religion. No! religion and ignorance are not mutual conditions. In certain respects they are natural contradictories. The faith of the unlettered is not the result of their illiteracy, any more than the materialism of some scientists is the consequence of their science. There was atheism before there was evolution, just as there is theism after it. It has even deepened the faith of some. To many an explorer its results have made God greater, life grander, duty holier, though personally I do not think that this theory, or for that matter any other theory, can take faith from believers, nor give faith to unbelievers. But certainly no phase of knowledge need stand in religion's way—for religion is not less than science but more than it, and is dissatisfied with it only because it cannot go far enough. We need not be afraid whither our researches may bring us, for we can never exhaust the glories of the Infinite, nor fathom the source of the Everlasting Good.

Our reasoning faculties are the gift of our Maker just as much as our conscience, and we would be showing poor gratitude for His gifts by neglecting or mistrusting them. God's perpetual revelation unfolds before us, just as fast as our expanding souls can drink it in. Let us not deserve the reproach of Isaiah that "having eyes we see not and having ears, we hear not." If the age is not religious, it is not because the age is wise. And he who only knows enough to be irreverent, only enough to deny,—he knows little indeed, and is not the less ignorant because he disclaims ignorance. Many

"a fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Never is the proverbial "little knowledge" so dangerous as in the realm of religion; and Heaven save us from the newly-fledged college graduate, who has read a few chapters from Herbert Spencer's First Principles and thinks he "knows it all."

And yet there is a something in that charge against the times, with which I opened, one-sided and half-truth though it be, that bids us pause. This is the age of rationalism. It has made as its motto "the voice of reason is the voice of God." The worth of all things in the heaven above and in the earth beneath must be tested in the crucible of logic, and be capable of experimental demonstration. This spirit of rationalism has reached religion too. Our beliefs and doctrines must admit of almost mathematical deduction. The pulpit of to-day busies itself with proofs and evidences and appeals to the intellect of the congregation. A scientific lecture will often replace the homely sermon of olden times.

Of course it would be childish to deny that this spirit of investigation has not done good service to religion. It had cleared it from error and misconception. It has checked unbalanced sentiment. It has broadened and deepened its principles in the light of the latest knowledge. But our enthusiasm has carried us too far. In our admiration for mind we have neglected the claims of emotion. But remove emotion from religion and you reduce it to a cold philosophy. Surely religion should remind itself that man is something more than a thinking machine. The intellectual and the emotional sides of our nature react on each other, becoming mutually helpful by revising and supplementing each other's deductions. There is a certain kind of knowledge that is revealed through our feelings, that cold thought would never discern. What we call intuition, from which we have learnt much, is a conviction of the soul that evades demonstration through the mind.

Let us modify the maxim of the age. Reason is not *the* voice of God but *a* voice. Is it the "still small voice," must be religion's supreme question. Let rationalism dispel our illusions by all means, but let it not rob us of the sanction of sentiment or we will be paying too much for it. Because religion no longer fears science as an enemy, it must not go to the other extreme and neglect its own inheritance.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell.

Religion is not a mere deduction from reason, nor will it admit of the scholastic methods of the schools. For instance, it is not a matter for argument, as many persons suppose. Never was religion more outraged than when stupid mediæval kings gathered priests and rabbis to argue publicly the merits of their respective religions—fitly satirized in a poem of Heine. The best that is in religion escapes demonstration—is perhaps degraded by demonstration. "Words like nature half reveal and half conceal the thought within." We get flashes of it here and there in moments of inspiration; but no man can see God's face and live. To try to reduce religion to premises of a syllogism or to a system of deduction, is like picking a rose to pieces to get at the fragrance. In the act of analysis the essence is gone.

It must always be borne in mind that creeds *follow* religions, they do not precede them; first the Prophets and then the Law was the real order. Creeds are but the result of looking back upon our beliefs after the religion is fully developed, when religious fervor has cooled down, and is followed by a critical stage, during which man tests his theories and modifies his doctrines. Prophets make religion, scribes make creeds.

It is, then, useless for man to go to science or to philosophy to find out God. They have assured us time and again that it lies beyond their province either to prove or disprove

divinity, their conclusions resulting only in antinomies. Religion begins where science ends. I venture to say that even the *proof* of a First Cause through the cosmological or the ontological arguments of philosophy would have no value for religion. Such demonstration is no more likely to inspire man to worship than mathematics would inspire him to worship. It is approaching God from the wrong side. Here are different realms. Religion should teach man to reach God through the soul. When we must needs sit down to prove God, our faith is in a desperate condition. The Psalms can hardly be said to contain proofs of God, yet they breathe His whole spirit. It is not a book of proofs; it is a book of faith. Faith! how despised that word is to-day, and by none so much as by ourselves. I am fully aware of the abuses to which blind faith has led man, just as well as I am aware of the dreary and despairing results of science, unaided by religious imagination.

This decline of faith has led to a theory as popular as it is sophistical. Never mind what a man believes, so long as he does his duty. To put it in a couplet of Pope's:

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

But to cry for morality and to despise faith is to cry for flowers and to despise roots, and is as unreasonable as to expect our flowers to continue blooming after they have been severed from the roots on which they grew.

We point with a little too much pride and a little too much positiveness to the absence of dogma from Judaism. We should not forget that some kind of faith must underlie works, that a belief is unconsciously implied in every deed. The greatness of our ancestors, as the religious teachers of mankind lay in their implicit faith in the power of a righteous God, whose nearness to us varies with our moral worth.

That we have not a distinctly defined creed to-day, or that

no two Hebrews agree as to what are the essentials of Judaism, is not our strength but our *weakness*. It is a slipshod attitude that leads to looseness in our whole religious life. What is a Jew? What isn't a Jew?—a race, a nation, a religion, a sentiment—what not! Orthodoxy and Reform differ chiefly in ceremonial, because in the matter of principles there is a hopeless chaos. I think it is time we decided where we stand.

Indifference to doctrine and loss of faith has already reacted on us, though we may be unaware of it. They have been followed by a lack of appreciation of prayer, by a lowering of our ideals of life and by a loss of spirituality, which is the bloom of that very morality of which we talk so much. Spirituality is a word easier uttered than defined. It is a species of moral refinement that comes from a vivid realization of the soul's kinship with divinity, a sense of entering into communion with God. In our craze for rationalism and in our decline of faith we have wandered so far from the spirit of our ancestors, that the yearning of the Psalmist, "as the hart panteth after the water brooks so my soul panteth after thee, O! God," sounds strange, almost incomprehensible to the ears of the modern practical, prosaic Jew, as though this were the phraseology of some other creed instead of the very spirit of the ancient Hebrews. I can almost imagine a smile at my reference to these soul yearnings, because from the material standpoint, which of late is often the Jewish standpoint, it would seem that these expressions must either cover hypocrisy or are the result of weakmindedness and maudlin sentiment.

But the modern rationalist will tell us that we need only "The Truth," that we must boldly and fearlessly say what we think regardless of consequence, that evil cannot possibly come from the utterance of truth. And the word is written in big capitals. But there is danger here too, first in the order

in which we may present even what we may believe to be absolutely right, and secondly in the manner of presentation—of doing much harm to our young men. For since we can never get more than fragments of truth at best, since so much is left to the inference of imagination, in which emotion and sentiment play so large a part, therefore must the guardians and teachers of religion, realizing the solemnity of their trust, strive with painstaking and conscientious care, so to present the little that they think they know to those who look to them for guidance in the highest and holiest of life's duties, that it may inspire them and lead to their spiritual awakening; and not in a way to shock their moral sensibilities, producing religious apathy or hopeless despair.

For instance, there is less difference between the old theory of the supernatural inspiration of the Bible and the new school of what is called higher criticism, than there is between the possible ways of presenting the latter for the purpose of cultivating faith and reverence. We may, like Ingersoll, see in the Pentateuch nothing but "the mistakes of Moses," and may picture it to the public in a caricature as the slanderer Schleiermacher presented the Talmud. Or, on the other hand, even in discrediting the miracles, as miracles we can show the intense morality of our ancestors behind their very legends, since all things are made to happen from moral causes; and the beautiful trust of those old Hebrew writers in an ever watchful Providence "who slumbereth not nor sleepeth," that has made the Bible that book of power it always will remain, whatever be the theories about it. The touch of reverence with which we present the truth often makes more difference than the truth itself.

So much depends upon the attitude with which we approach the Holy of Holies, removing our shoes, so to speak, *כי ארמת קודש הוא*, or whether as "fools we rush in where angels fear to tread," and with brutal levity tear

aside the veil to gratify a vulgar curiosity. Mockery in religion is worse than doubt.

Mockery is a Vandal that ruthlessly shatters our hallowed sentiments enshrined in the temple of our hearts, and by its coarse jeers tears into shreds the "living garment of God," in which the labors of all humanity are interwoven. Mockery makes the sacred profane, tainting the soul with its venom, and the holier the theme, the more revolting becomes the caricature, for "*corruptio optimi pessima*." The variation of a tone changes a prayer into a sneer, and may do more to upset the honest faith of an honest soul than twenty solid arguments; for, though it be but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the ridiculous to the sublime is a gulf impassable.

Therefore, in the religious education of children, the manner of presentation should give us much concern. Some really conscientious parents, anxious to preserve in the home the old Jewish customs, have killed the religious sentiment of their children by the rough, matter-of-fact way in which they fulfilled them, robbing those beautiful rites of all their spiritual value. Prayer without reverence is worse than nothing. Here, again, the modern rationalists give too much consideration to the question, "teach us *what* to pray," and not enough to the question, "teach us *how* to pray." We are so afraid that our prayers might not be quite logical, or that an anthropomorphism might creep in, as if the feeling were not everything and the words nothing.

Without teaching the children any precise dogmas at the outset, we must first strive diligently and lovingly to cultivate their sense of reverence, not necessarily for any particular object or idea, but reverence as such, as a quality of character. Open to its young soul the perpetual mystery and the perpetual sublimity of all that is. It will then of itself look upon life and the universe from its sublime side, and the idea of God

will almost be intuitively suggested before it is distinctly. In this way, the very framework of religion is already laid in the heart of the child, ready to be clothed with the particular faith of its ancestors. The perpetual wonder of a child for everything around it may be darkened into fear, may be discouraged into matter of fact, or may be deepened into awe. Here is the parent's supreme opportunity and supreme responsibility. The child's boundless and sensitive imagination, one of its greatest charms, must be wisely directed to religious uses.

Religion is our conception of the universe—*Weltanschauung*—as the Germans call it. The child's universe is very small indeed, but we can make it pure and sweet and beautiful—or we can make it common and rough and dreary. For life for all of us is what we make it, sublime or commonplace. If children come to our Sunday Schools, with little faith, with little reverence for the Sanctuary, and its associations lacking that spiritual touch which indicates the cultivation of the sense of sanctity, we can but trace these conditions to the parents, to the home. Parents stand to the child as representatives of God, and disobedience to them is a sacrilege. Home is the first shrine, the hearth is the first altar, parents are the first ministering priests. To their loving care is entrusted the laying of the foundations of religion, upon which we can only build later. How faithful have we been to this, the highest of all parental obligations?

In trying to present the importance of faith and reverence in religion, I am only asking that we go back to first principles. Since it was the privilege of our ancestors to bring to man the first message of righteous divinity, let us resume our ancient birth-right. And in an age that would worship reason only like some new idol, let us vindicate the claims of the soul. "There are more things in heaven and earth" than we can ever hope to explain. We say with the Psalmist "such knowledge

is too wonderful for me, I cannot attain to it." But faith begins where knowledge ends. Our senses have been developed to the utmost, but the endless capacities of the spirit, in which are hidden divine possibilities, are still almost untested. The realm of the soul is still an undiscovered world, yet all the greatness of the coming man lies there--all our messianic hopes and grandest ideals. Let religion then return to its neglected inheritance, and perhaps, like unto Moses, the glory of God may pass before us.



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